

THE WAR CRY.

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

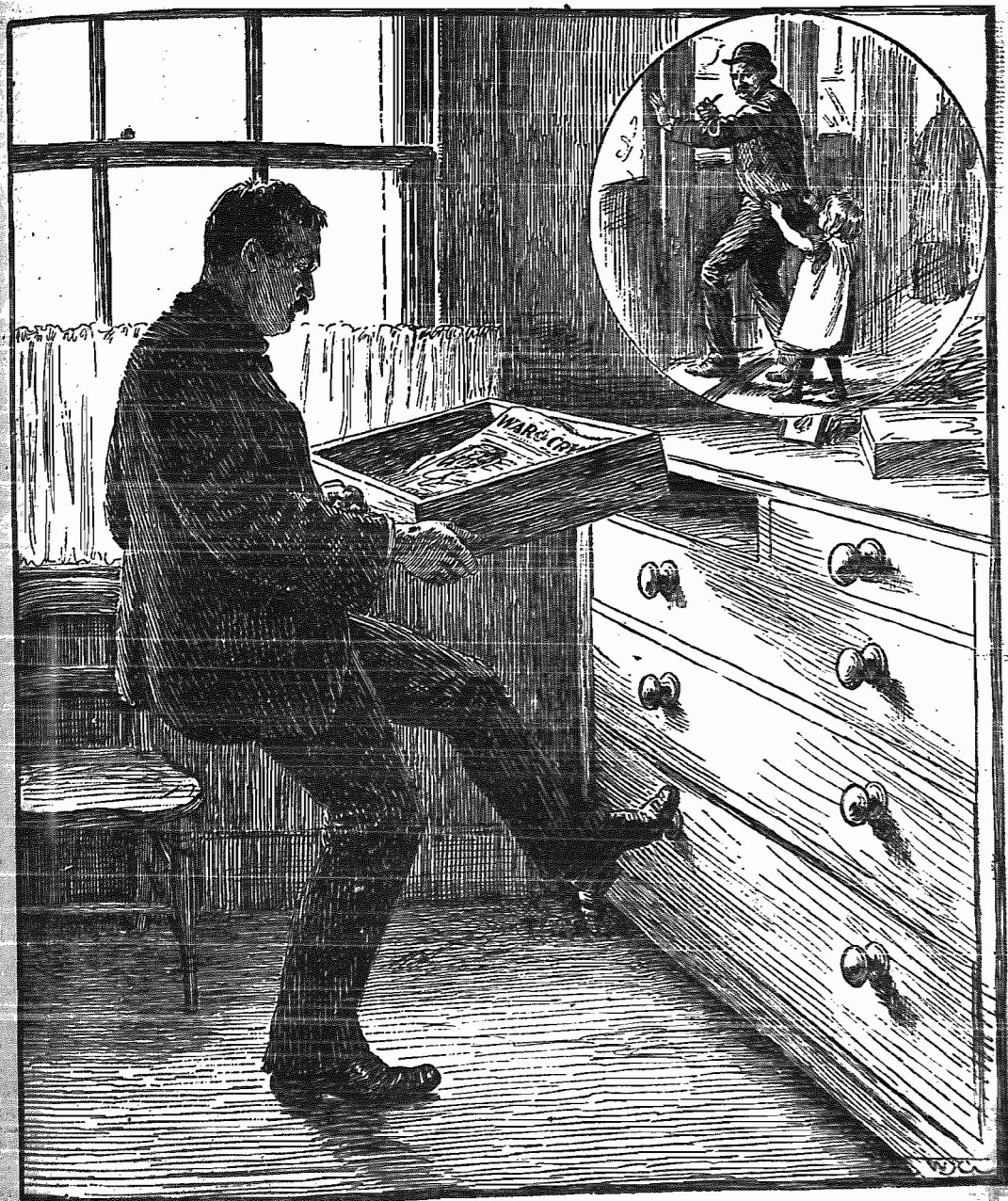
26th Year. No. 48.

WILLIAM BOUTH,
General.

TORONTO, JULY 30, 1910.

THOMAS B. COOPER,
Commissioner.

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ALMOST A MURDERER—BUT THE RAZOR WAS NOT THERE!

See Short Story, "The Picture's Appeal," p. 4.

"In his rage he pulled at the drawer; it came away bodily . . . The picture (inset) riveted his attention, and then he turned over the torn page and read words which seemed to flood his soul with hope."



Sons of the Sea.

The Army's Work amongst Seamen at Montevideo.

An encouraging work is in progress in Montevideo, under Ensign and Mrs. Lundgren, who are in charge of our native Corps, and Open-Air and Inside Meetings are held with perfect liberty. This, however, is not the branch of work I desire to speak about at the moment; instead I would like to refer to the work carried on amongst the seamen of the port.

I spent my furlough in our Sailors' Home, and saw with real pleasure the work that was daily carried on by Captain Westcott and his helpers. There are men of many nations living in the Home—Britishers, Americans, Frenchmen, Swedes, Germans, Italians, and Argentines. Many of these are sent to the Home by the different Consuls, who find in the Salvationist in charge a man who is able to help at all times; notes are received very often from the Consuls requesting the Captain to purchase tickets for men who desire to go to Buenos Ayres. Such voyagers are seen on board by the Officer. During my stay in the Home I was struck with the kindness of the British, American, German, and other Consuls. Seamen are very often stranded in this city, no doubt in many cases through their own fault; but the Consuls are ever ready to give them a chance, and they are accordingly sent with a note or ticket requesting the Captain to give them a day or two's board and lodging in the Home if he thinks they are deserving cases.—Major Souter in "All the World."

"Drink, a Man, and his Lovely Child."

The Friendly Glass Again.

A story comes to us, so full of horror that, but for the lesson it contains, one would hesitate to repeat it. It is of a gentleman, at ordinary times of amiable, harmless disposition, and an affectionate husband and father. Well to do, he was a member of a good club, where he spent part of his evenings. Here in the society of other members he indulged in the "social glass," nor did he see that any harm could come of it. However, the habit grew on him, and his wife saw with sorrow that drink was getting him within its power.

One night there had been great deal of merriment and "good fellowship" at the club, and when this gen-

tlemen reached home he was far from sober. Passing into the hall in fictitious high spirits, and singing the refrain of a popular song of the day, he entered a drawing-room. As the hour was late his wife and their little daughter, a fair-haired child of seven or eight, had gone to bed; but the little one, hearing the voice of her father, and remembering she had not said "Good-night," or received the usual kiss, slipped out of bed and ran down to the room where he was. Alas! one of those swift changes which come over drunken men so that one minute they are in boisterous mirth and the next in a frenzy of passion or in maddening tears, came over this man now. Angered at seeing the child, though when sober very fond of her, a fury of temper seized him, and, catching her by the neck of her little, and lifting her from the floor he swung her round. Her poor little head crashed again the corner of the marble mantelpiece. The demented father dropped her, and, shocked into sobriety, he looked with staring, horrified eyes at the dead body of the innocent child.

The mother who had heard her daughter's scream, as her father lifted her, rushed to the room, to lose her reason through what she saw there. Servants came, and the murderer was given into custody, afterwards to die in prison, a madman, and the little child was buried—all the result of the "friendly glass," which some tell us "will do nobody any harm."—Australian War Cry.

What a Man Does in a Lifetime.

Some Surprising Calculations.

An ingenious writer has made a number of surprising calculations of how much an average man does in a lifetime. Here are a few of his points:

A man on an average covers 148,000 miles in his life, or nearly six times the circumference of the earth.

He consumes on an average between sixteen and seventeen tons of bread, and 18,250 lbs. of meat. He consumes 9,125 gallons of liquid, or enough to fill a bath in which he could swim comfortably.

A full-sized elephant could find standing-room in the accumulated headgear used by one man.

He climaxes 3,000,000 steps.

If a smoker were to combine the tobacco of a lifetime in one large tin, and consider the cost, he would never again smoke! Each man averages an expenditure of \$760 odd on tobacco in a lifetime.

By continual cutting, the hair-

Friday, August 5th.—Denying Christ. John xvii: 16-26; Mark xvi: 68-70; Mark xiv: 71-72.

Saturday, August 6th.—Great Council. Luke xxi: 64-66; Mark x: 55-56.

DO YOU STILL SAVE SOULS?

By Mrs. Blanche Johnson.

"God so loved that He gave."

My heart is very full, as I write, with many and mingled feelings. It is just after the closing meal of the Dufferin Camp in Toronto.

It has been a delightful time, especially to one seldom able to attend such services. The Commissioner's earnest appeal, the sweet music of the various Bands taking part. Especially touching has been the melodious strains of the dear boys' band. How lovely to listen to the concerted musical efforts of the young Christian manhood. God bless them and give them increasing power to bring music to other lives, for "Down in the human heart, crushed by the Tempter,

Feelings lie buried that Grace will restore;

Touched by a loving heart, awakened by kindness,

dresser shears off from the ordinary man in a lifetime something like twenty-five feet of hair.—Social Gazette.

Summer Holidays.

The Best Way to Spend them.

Jessie's mother lives in the country, so when her mistress and the family go off to the sea, she packs her little box and goes home.

What do the children say when they hear that big sister Jessie is coming?

"Oh," they say, "she will be sure to bring a present for mother, something we can all use, and something new for baby to wear. And she'll play with us and take us out, and we will have good times!"

Mother gets Jessie's little room ready with such loving fingers, and for awhile she even forgets how tired she is, in the joy of expecting her girl.

"When Jessie comes," says father, "mother will have her holiday—the holiday she can get while the children are little. She'll have better nights, because Jessie will take baby sometimes; she'll find the mending basket emptying, because Jessie will darn up the stockings and things."

"And I shall be so proud to take my girl to Meeting on Sunday. Our Jess is a jewel!"

But supposing Jessie said: "I'm tired! I'm going home to have a rest," and spent her days with that idea uppermost?

Mother's busy hands would be fuller than ever—with extra cooking and washing-up, and one more to think for and look after. Jessie would have an uneasy conscience and a sense of dissatisfaction all the while, and her holiday would leave her worse than it found her.

It is when we try to give other folks a good time that we, every one, get the best sort of joy and rest for ourselves, because then we win love and gratitude, and surround ourselves with the happy atmosphere in which all good things flourish. Shall we try it this year, all of us who are so lucky to have a holiday?—The Deliverer.

Evangelising the Chinese.

holding Meetings by Candlelight. Last night at the foot of Washington avenue, in an old building, a meeting by real candlelight was conducted by Captain Brown, of The Salvation Army.

Chords that were broken will vibrate once more."

But a query—kindly made, of course, by an old-time sister-comrade—pierced deeply into my heart.

"You do love the public work as much as ever," she asked. "The soul-saving work I mean?"

"Love soul-saving work?" I finished back in answer. "Oh, yes, yes, that is the hard part of my continued weakness that I am not able, often, to engage in the direct hand-to-hand soul-saving work in a public way."

And through the addressing of the music, and song, the intersection ran on in my mind, and with the craving, longing desire in my own heart for the dearest work of all—pointing the needy ones to Jesus—came the realization of the privileges of those whose health and opportunities give them the power of direct soul-saving work. Oh, the joy of it! The Glory of it! The blessed sweetness of realizing that one has really helped some precious soul into the Kingdom of Grace, out of the struggles and misty gloom of doubt and sin into the light and joy of the Kingdom of God. My further reply to my Comrade was: "I am so thankful that so long as I was

vation Army," says the Comrade (Miss). Time, many of them attending the service we had regular attendants at religious services, and they were very attentive, respectful, and a number of them were deeply affected by the earnestness of Captain Brown in the services performed, and tears trickled down their cheeks. One man requested the pastor of the preacher for his wife's salvation.

Captain Brown is laboring earnestly and faithfully in the cause of salvation, and is hopeful of much success here in his work.

He has begun active work among the Chinese; he is teaching them to read and write English, and is, of course, pointing them to the way of the living God.

Reclaiming Indian Criminals.

Giving them a Chance to be Good.

The Sansi or the Pakhwa may have a natural tendency towards crime, but this tendency is often overcome by want of opportunity to earn an honest livelihood. Most of the tribes have little land in the home, but a not inconsiderable proportion have been weaned from evil ways by the chance of obtaining plot of land or learning a respectable trade. The Lieutenant Governor is not alone in the opinion that hard work is the true cure for a hereditary tendency to crime, and though there will be a considerable proportion of backsliders there is proof enough that reclamation is not beyond the human possibility. The Section of the Pakhwa was to be taken in hand by the Salvation Army at Sialkot have an evil reputation for crime, and they are said to exhibit no signs of reformation. They constantly abscond themselves with criminal crimes all over the country. On the other hand the Pakhwa themselves complain that they have not enough land to cultivate, and they consider it infra dig to work in canals as labourers. It is proposed to give them land on the Upper and Lower Indus, and the Salvation Army settlement they should have a fair chance of making a honest livelihood. That they are not hopelessly criminal is proved by the fact that some of the same tribe who have been sent down peaceably as green-skinned from various villages near Multan—From The Madras Mail.

Be firm as a rock when tempted to sin.

Be sure you are right; then—be-ward.

able I did what I could, and always felt the great responsibility and privilege of the work—a work the Angels would love to do."

Oh, my Comrades who pass over their lives, let me beg you to be highly conscious of the great value of service in the Hall, the street, the workroom, the office. Do not come so accustomed to them that you cease to prize, to value them, and make the best use of them; for the SAME chance never meets a second time. Companions never meet a second time. Companions disappear never to gather in exactly the same number. It is a solemn thought: always changes, always vacant places. These seats occupied by others. These fleeting, Eternity is passing on. For some of them, the light is shining near at hand. The light of life will flicker out, the service hand will lose its power, the shining brain its flashlike thought, the hurrying foot its swift motion, the eager heart its swift pulsation. Then, gone, gone, and the service for Christ and the Cross. What ARE we doing with it? The BEST service is none too good a reader to "Him who gave the gift."

The Praying League.

General prayer: "O Lord, be pleased to graciously bless all who are in trouble, sorrow, and distress, and especially now Thy grace and presence and help at this time."

1. Pray for specialunction to rest upon all open air work—summer schools, conventions, and camp meetings.

2. Pray for sick workers, who are seeking rest and restoration.

3. Pray for those who are weary and worn, but are still at posts of duty.

4. Pray for baptism of Holy Spirit upon God's people everywhere.

Sunday, July 31st.—Revealer of Truth. John xvi: 12-33.

Monday, August 1st.—Our Great Intercessor. John xvi: 1-26.

Tuesday, August 2nd.—Gethsemane. Matt. xvi: 30-34; John xvi: 4-11.

Wednesday, August 3rd.—Betrayal. John xviii: 1-11; Matt. xxvi: 45-53.

Thursday, August 4th.—Annas and Caiaphas. Matt. xxvi: 55-66; John xviii: 12-24.

A Day with a Field Officer.

Recently fifty newly-commissioned Officers left the Training College to do duty as Field Officers. The following is an illuminating article as to how those comrades will spend their time.

IT is your turn to read this morning, Lieutenant, and I will pray. After that I think we'll do as I was always brought up to at home; we will read together a bit of The General's Orders and Regulations for Field Officers. Father never missed that with us children at home. My sister and I had pretty well mastered the book when we entered the Training Home."

Prayers over, the Captain turns to the bundle of letters brought by the postman half an hour ago.

There is one from the Divisional Officer, to begin with. A refractory Soldier has appealed to higher authority, and the D.O. gives instructions how to act.

Letter number two re ads thus:

"Dear Sister,—I heard your Open-air meeting last night as I passed on the tram. I came down off that car—I just had to—to listen. I'm so miserable. I am a backslider, and I formed a friendship with a young man who got me to give up my salvation. We married. Three months after he fell out of work, forbade me the meetings, and made me dance in clubs every evening. He thrashes me when I don't put enough soul into my dancing. I'm so wretched. The path of roses I thought to find has turned out a path of thorns. May I come and see you? I do want to be good again."

The Captain's Correspondence.

The third is a request for a visit from one who used to be a Churchman and moralist merely. Three months ago he, too, listened at an Open-air meeting, and wrote to ask for an interview, saying that he was a professed Christian, having been baptised and confirmed, but nowhere had he heard of the experience of victory over sin and temper and self which Salvationists seemed to experience. Did she get this by Confirmation? What did The Army really mean by the word "Saved"? He received an invitation to the Meetings, attended several, claimed from God the experience he coveted, and now leads a happy, victorious life.

In a fourth letter 30s. is enclosed in order to help Self-Denial, the Lieutenant and Sergeant procured an outfit from the Shoeblocking Company, and set to work in the streets at "one penny a pair." The writer saw them at work, found them later holding an Open-air meeting in Victoria Park, and now sends this mark of appreciation.

Two other letters complete the "Urgent Correspondence," which has to be attended to before visiting.

Morning visits are all short in this Corps, the people being fully engaged with housework. At the first house the woman is found preparing dinner.

Potato-Peeing and Praying.

"Well, Mother," says the Captain, cheerily, "you are busy peeling potatoes. Let me peel one or two with you while we talk." She has begun one before the good wife can object.

The next woman called upon is dish-washing, and, while the Captain washes the drying-towel, she forgets it is a "pastoral visit," and quite naturally pours out a heart full of trouble.

Then comes an old man who has been bedridden for years, who is occasionally favored by an Open-air meeting being held outside his house, to his intense delight. A few moments is all that can be spared for him, for overhead there is a woman with dropsy, who has been counting the days, so she says, to this visit. Three weeks ago the doctor came to tap her. "I want assistance," he explained briefly. "Whom can you get?"

"I ain't got nobody, nowhere," wails the invalid; "but if you'd ask somebody in the court they'd go and fetch The Salvation Army; they'll help you."

It was a new occupation for the Captain, but it all came in the day's work.

There is just time to call on a black journalist before dinner. A little while ago a slip of paper was passed to the Captain by a lady who stopped for a moment or two on the edge of the Open-air ring, asking her to call at a given address. She found an educated man in bed, his wife and five children in the same room, the wife pounding away at a sewing-machine near his aching head, with no other hope than that afforded to keep starvation away. The Captain ran out to a butcher near by, begged some beef for beefsteak, wrote to Mrs. Booth pleading for a little money for rent, and had kept off the family ever since. The Captain looks in as often as possible, and gives him any nourishment he can take; sings, if he can bear it; prays softly, if he cannot; brings a fresh flower, or a clean pillow-case, and always a sense of comfort. It is but a question of days now, and the journalist will be at rest.

A Dying Man's Chance.

She is almost at the Quarters when a woman is discovered running after her. "Oh, excuse me, please; we haven't any call upon you, really; but do come, and pray with a dying man!" The Captain turns back at once, finds a respectable house, and a man very ill, but conscious, and anxious about his soul.

"I've-always-been-moral man," he gasps, "but-not enough-cannot die-not sure."

With no waste of words the Captain speaks, simply, to the point, and he eventually repeats after her: "The Blood-of Jesus Christ-cleanseth—from all-ALL sin."

For fully half an hour she kneels at his side, giving a word here and there, as he can take it, commending him to the mercy of God. At last he looks up with a smile. "I see-the Blood-all sin!" It is his last effort. As she rises from her knees, he closes his eyes on the world like a tired child content to rest.

"I've just seen a man die, Lieutenant," says the Captain, as she sits down to a plateful of steaming vegetable soup. "What have you been doing?"

Singing vs Swearing.

"Well, you told me to take those rags round for Mrs. Smithson's boy's leg. I did, after I got through cleaning our front room. Then I ran in to Nancy Greig—the one who makes rabbit-skin rugs. I helped pull fur with her a little, and cheered her up. She was singing like a lark when I went in, and all that downy stuff flying about, too! You know that woman on the next floor to Nancy, whom we heard swearing so? Well, she came out as I went downstairs. 'Mornin', Capt'n,' she said; 'sounds all right up there,' pointing to Nancy's room; 'I can't think how that poor thing can sing—sing!—when she's got such a 'usband. He ran her out o' house only night afore last with a knife. He locked her out last week and the week afore that. He's a wretch, he is, alays at her. An' then she sirs an' sings!'"

"That's good," exclaimed the Captain, cheerfully. "Nancy is bearing her witness well. She gave her testimony last Sunday afternoon when you were in the Juniors' Meeting, and said: 'The Lord never leaves me; I'm never afraid!' I'm sure that's true. I wish we could get hold of her husband. Tell you what, we'll get to know his favourite public-house, and drop in there with The War Cry."

Welcomed at the Pubs.

"You know that tall, rough-looking man we saw in the 'Golden Star' on Saturday night? I met him on my way to the Open-air last night. He doffed his cap, and asked if we should be coming to the 'Golden Star' any more. I said: 'Oh, yes, but you'd be a deal better if you didn't go.' 'I know what you say is right, miss,' he said, 'an' all my mates know it, too, although we do chaff you a bit now an' again.' That public-house visiting does get hold of the rough men, doesn't it?"

"Best thing we do, almost. Now, dear, let's have our bit of reading before we pray. Get Arthur's 'Tongue of Fire'; that will do me good to-day."

From 2 o'clock till 5 is spent in visiting again. First of all must come a response to a call given rather curiously the previous night. An old widow, in most wonderful head-ear and rusty black shawl had stood looking at them from the edge of the Open-air ring, then flourished a little slate on which was written an address, and "Come and visit me." She could speak, but was extremely deaf, and to one or two questions of the Captain she only smiled, and said: "Can't hear a word ye say, me dear, but I likes to look at yer faces."

A Strange Commission.

It is a very poor little room where she lives, and the chance of helping her is slight, as she cannot hear; but the Captain soon finds it is to be talked to, not to talk, that she is wanted. After a pouring out of many troubles, the old lady says: "I like your visit very much, me dear, though I can't hear. I want to know if ye will sell a lot o' pawntickets for me. If ye will, I'll leave ye all me goods when I die!" She carries off the tickets, sells them, and returns with the money, resolving to appeal this very night for some warm garments to wrap up the old lady's shivering limbs. The next visit is to a neighbouring milkman, where she orders a small can of milk to be left at the old lady's door every morning. She is practically dying of inanition.

Next comes a visit to a Soldier who thinks she "hasn't been arrested."
(Continued on page 14.)

Band Chat.

Bandmasters and Band Secretaries of the many Army Bands in the Dominion which have no Band Correspondent, are invited to send reports of their Band's progress, current events, new bandmen welcomed or farewelled; important changes in instrumentation, new instruments, uniforms, or other band equipment received; or news—real live "copy"—of any kind, having reference to the Band or its members.

To Corps Officers, Bandmasters, Band Secretaries, and Correspondents: Please note that all Band Correspondents for insertion in The War Cry must be sent to the Special Efforts Department (Lieut.-Col. Pugmire), otherwise they will not be printed.

Peterboro Band is most decidedly a busy Band. Within the last two months the men have fulfilled over a dozen engagements quite apart from usual attendance at week-night and Sunday meetings.

Just now they are giving festivals in one of the city parks. The Council voluntarily granted the Band \$150 for its services.

On Sunday, June 26th, Captain McGrath (formerly the Territorial Bandmaster), conducted the Band, and gave the men some musical instruction.

Bandmaster Peyer is leading his men on to even greater success than they have seen before. To see the crowds that flocked and push their way to the Citadel when the Band starts off from the open-air meeting is evidence enough of the Band's popularity. Something else that the Band possesses: good individual musicianship. This is proved by the fact that when two Bands are required, the Senior Band is simply divided, and each section has practically complete instrumentation.

A word about the Songsters. They number about twenty—that is when a festival is recorded. A visitor to the Corps heard the Brigade sing most creditably when only twelve members were in attendance. Two things he was especially pleased to note: the splendid balance of parts and clear pronunciation of words. Sister-Lender Moyers is to be congratulated on his Brigade, which, by the way, sings in the open-air on Sunday nights. This effort—for it is an effort on the part of Songsters and Lender alike—is appreciated by many people who are not usually attracted by Band music and should be worthy of a trial or introduction at every Corps possessing a Songster Brigade. The Boys' Band, a photo of which appeared in our Summer Number of the Young Soldier, is likely to become a great help to the Corps and Senior Band by and by. The boys are under the tuition of Deputy-Bandmaster Will Ford, who plays solo cornet in the Senior Band.

The following is from a Chatham (Ont.) newspaper:

"Not in a long time have Chathamites had the pleasure of listening to such an excellent musical organization as the Toronto Temple band of The Salvation Army, which on Thursday evening gave a much appreciated festival on Tecumseh Park. There was a big crowd out. The festival was a triumph for the band. The finest of players, handling the finest of instruments, gave a host of appreciative hearers a program which could not have been surpassed, either in the selections it comprised or the manner of rendering."

There was a muster of 34 Bandmen at Riverdale on Sunday, July 17th. Bandmaster Arthur Johnson was re-welcomed after having been in the Hospital for many weeks; and Bandmaster Blorton (formerly Bandmaster at Riverdale), assisted the solo cornet section of the Band. Le. Pariseau, of Guernsey, C. I., has been welcomed, and is now playing baritone.

It was interesting to note that on Sunday night three former Bandmasters of Riverdale were playing in the Band which was led by Bandmaster (Captain) Myers. By name they are: (Continued on page 12.)



HAUNTED! Yes, that was it! He was haunted if he sat down in the corner of a public-house tap-room, the moment he lifted his eyes from the contemplation of the beer in the pint pot he found a shadowy thing sitting opposite him; if he went amongst the gay company of the bar parlour, and over the whiskey which the smart barmaid served him with, tried to be "jolly," he would find himself in his ear would cause him to put down the untested glass of spirits and glare at the men around him as though he were a murderer!

No wonder people shrank from him; and even those who had been his companions in many a wild debauch got up and left the pub when they saw him. He had realized that he could not be pleasant company for anybody, since he could hardly bear his own thoughts; but it was not his fault, he told himself—he was haunted!

He forgot that he had summoned the spectres out of the beer barrel and the whiskey bottle, and, forgetting this, he would only blame himself. It was a long time since drink had given him any pleasure. He took it now because he "couldn't live without it," and he only went to work when he had no money left to buy more drink with. He hated work now, but it was only natural, for his employers invariably found fault with what he did, and he admitted he was "not the man he was." How could he be, while his hands shook, and the dreadful voices kept on urging him to do some horrid deed, and "make an example of" those appalling whippersnappers hurt him even more than the shadowy form which now and then drew back, with grisly figures, enough of dream-winding sheets to show a grinning "death's" head—a white, clammy, ghastly skull!

He got to know his barroom form, and could often banish it with a "stiff glass of port," but the whippersnappers, at work, at home, in the pub, and of late by day and night, their burden had been—"Kill your wife!"

Some day he would have to do it! He knew he would. And then there was to be for him the gallows and the awful drop into a drunkard's Hell!

It made him shudder as he thought of it, and great drops of perspiration stood on his forehead. The landlady of the pub in which he was sitting asked if he felt ill, and this gave him an excuse for ordering a glass of brandy.

As he drank it, the fiery spirit coursed through his body, and surged up his drink-soaked brain, he seemed to hear wedding bells, and in fancy he saw a group at the altar of the parish church—himself, a strong, happy young workman, and his bride, so pretty, and so full of love and confidence.

Ah! she looked very different now, with her pale, drawn face, and the look of terror in her eyes, whenever she would look at him and dread it all. Oh, yes, he knew that; it had swallowed up his home, and surged like a burning tide over all he had loved and hoped for. Well, it was too late now. He never meant to become a drunkard when he took to drooping into bed, with his mate, on the way home, but now he was only lived to drink, and every one despised him. He must go on drinking or he would go mad!

It was dark when he got home, but his wife had left a little lighted lamp on the table in the kitchen. She had long ago gone to bed, and with her arms round her little ones had cried herself to sleep.

The man looked at the food on the table, and turned from it with a shudder. He wanted no food, only drink, and he could get no more than night. However, he was almost happy! He had drunk so deeply that he had drowned the spectres and driven away the voices. No! There they were again. It was maddening.

He picked up a glass of brandy with both hands, while he tried to steady his reeling brain, but it was

of no avail. "You know your razor is in the drawer over there," said the whippersnappers. "Take it! And kill your wife! Kill your children!"

Like a man in a dream he rose, staggered over to the drawer, and pulled it open. The razor was not there!

In a flash it occurred to him that for days his wife had read his murderous secret, and hidden it!

In his rage he pulled at the drawer; it came away bodily; he reeled backwards and fell with a crash on the floor, the drawer and its contents on top of him!

Upstairs, in her sleep, the wife heard the noise; but, without awakening, pushed imaginary fingers from her throat as she murmured: "No! Murder! Not that! Oh, don't bring murder on your soul! O God, help and pity us!"

In the morning, the man downstairs waking cold and miserable, found a shaft of light struggling through the window on to the scattered contents of the drawer.

How could he have come there? Had he murdered his wife? No, thank God! There was no blood on his hands, and—what was this?

His trembling fingers clasped a page of "The War Cry"—part of a copy left by a Boomer weeks ago, and, after looking at the picture—and on the front page he saw the picture of a little girl—so like his own little Nellie—pleading with her father—who looked wonderfully like him!—to come away from the public-house.

Somehow, the picture riveted his attention, and then he turned over the torn page, and read words which seemed to flood his soul with hope—just as the rising sun was flooding the room with light.

True, he did not understand all he read, but he grasped the fact that there were people proclaiming in bold print, at the back of a picture depicting a man as bad as himself, that there was Salvation, strength, and happiness here, and Heaven hereafter, for all who would take it—for even the most tightly-bound drunkard!

He put the page in his pocket, crept upstairs and into bed. Somehow, the terrible whippersnappers seemed to have left him; as he slept he dreamt that once more he was a happy man, with wife and children by his side, while over them there waved a Flag with a strange device upon it.

His wife left him sleep till dinner-time, and when he came downstairs he put his arms round her and kissed her! She was so astonished that she turned pale and trembled! What did this mean? What had he done, or what was he going to do?

He was very subdued at dinner-time, and he didn't eat much, but his eyes filled with tears as he looked at the children, who were, as usual, speaking in whispers, "so as not to make Daddy cross."

Later, he still more astonished his wife when he said, in a shamefaced sort of way: "Let's go to The Army to-night!" But she began to understand something of what was passing in his mind when he showed her the picture of an old "War Cry," the picture of the man who had died to the Penitent-form, and when they got up from their knees he, just kissed her and said: "We'll start life over again, dear!"

In a Salvationist home, in the north of England, opposite the portrait of The General on one side of the wall, there hangs a framed picture from out of an old "War Cry."

"When the visiting 'Special' has read the evening portion, and the happy little family have got up from their knees, the father, sometimes points to the picture and tells its story.

He is the man who once was 'haunted,' but who now, with all his 'haunts,' serves God under the Blood-and-Fire Flag of The Salvation Army."

To be vain of one's rank is to declare one's self beneath it.

Death is but a moment, yet eternal life is its successor.

Promoted to glory.

BRQ. STEELE OF ST. JOHN.

On Monday, July 1st, the late William Steele, a member of the St. John's Band, died at his home from Winnipeg. The deceased was formerly a Soldier of the Salvation Army, and he went West six years ago, after long suffering, during which time he was visited by Mr. J. E. Ehlens, who was his spiritual ward. The funeral service was conducted by Capt. H. J. Ehlens, and by Captain Vigal, and an organ was played for eternity. May graciously sustain the bereaved ones.—C. C.

SISTER CHANCE OF CANADA, TOR., ILL.

Sister Lucy Chance has gone to Heaven. For a long time she suffered from consumption. A month before she died she got into bed. Although she could not get up, she told them that she wanted her to meet her in Heaven, and was just ready for the Lord to take her. As one of the Soldiers was present at the graveside, and singing "Shall We Gather at the River," smiles came upon her face. The funeral was conducted by Captain Ehlens. A number of Soldiers were present at the graveside, and singing "Shall We Gather at the River." Many were moved to tears. May God comfort the bereaved ones.—Emma Perry.

SISTER KELLESTINE OF STATHMOT.

Death has visited our Corps and taken from our midst Sister Kellestine, the beloved wife of Y. P. Treasurer.

Our comrade had only been a Soldier for seven months, but was very interested in the progress of the Corps, and was not only a comfort to the comrade, but a surprise to the comrade. She was ready for the summons. Sister Captain Critchton, who had



Sister Mrs. Kellestine.

pleasure of dedicating their life to the service of the Lord, conducted the funeral service, assisted by Capt. W. J. Ehlens, and the Band. An impressive service was held, both at the home and at the grave. Bandmaster and his band sang two beautiful songs. The funeral service was held on the 16th, when the constant life of our comrade was spoken of by the Salvationist locals and Soldiers. The captain spoke from the text: "We pray that God will help us." We pray that God will help us and bless Y. P. Treasurer and his noble officers with one in their bereavement.

AN INDIAN FUNERAL.

On Sunday I was called to the Simpson to bury two children who were buried in the Simpson. The deceased was Mrs. J. Simpson, and her husband was Mr. J. Simpson. They were both members of the Simpson.

The funeral was held at 11:30 p.m. The service was held in the Simpson. The deceased was Mrs. J. Simpson, and her husband was Mr. J. Simpson. They were both members of the Simpson.

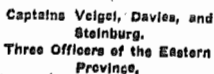
Excursion on Lake Ontario—Eight Bands on Board—The Chief Secretary Presents New Batons.

At 8 o'clock crowds of Salvationists began to congregate at the Bay Street Wharf, Toronto. One after another Army Bands came swinging along playing the latest music.

At 8.30 the steamer slipped her moorings. Simultaneously a crowd gathered on the lower deck for the "opening" ceremony, conducted by the Chief Secretary, Col. Mapp. It was not a meeting, but a programme had been prepared for the benefit of all on board, and it commenced with an old song: "Jesus the Name High Over All." Brigadier Morehen and the West Toronto Band assisted the Colonel in this short ceremony. After Ensign Hanagan had prayed that God's blessing might be upon the entire programme and those who were to listen to it, the Chief Secretary congratulated everybody concerned with the arrangements of the trip. He felt that it was just another of The Army's schemes for reaching the people with the Gospel message, and that it was, indeed, "doing all to the glory of God."

By this time the Bands had seated themselves in their appointed places—some on the lower deck, fore and aft, some on the top deck. Crowds of Salvationists—and outsiders, too—gathered around each Band. Each had a little programme to give, and each got a goodly share of patronage and applause.

The Chief Secretary had a busy time from start to finish of the sail. He began his tour of the vessel's decks as she glided out of the dock, and visited the Weylwood Band first, after congratulating Bandmaster S. White. The Colonel said that he had no doubt that the Band had desires to do even better. Perhaps they could accomplish this if their Bandmaster had a new stick—as the Colonel called the black, silver-tipped baton which, amid cheers, he presented to Bro. White. Wishing the Band and Corps success under their new officers, Capt. and Mrs. Beattie, the Colonel left for the West Toronto Island.



Bandmaster Richards was leading his men in the "Old Times March No. 1," when the Colonel arrived to compliment the Band on its progress during the last few months, and to present a new baton to the Bandmaster. The words of inspiration which the Colonel spoke must have cheered the men. Anyhow, they cheered and cheered again.

Under the shadow of the captain's bridge, there was a little Band of seven players, namely, Earlscourt. The Colonel reminded the men that the largest Bands — like the Ligar Band, which had 42 men on board — had small beginnings. "Like Earlscourt district," he continued, "you will grow and grow, and become, I hope, a large Band with a large influence for good. They say babies sometimes need the stek. Well, you are a "Baby Band," and——. The crowd began to laugh, and the Colonel finished his address amid cheers and smiles. Bandmaster Darling was eventually presented with a new "stek."

Amidships on the top deck the Lippincott Bandmen were grouped. Their silver instruments and sweet music attracted a great crowd. The Chief Secretary, in an appreciative address, thanked the Band for its services, presented Bandmaster Ives with a new baton, and cal'ed on Major McGilivray to pray.

The Temple Band was next visited. The Colonel referred to the Band as "The Band of our premier Corps," and said that although its success had been great, he believed it would be even greater—especially so when Bandmaster (Ensign) Hanagan had a new baton! This the Colonel then presented to him.

On the top deck, in full view of the broad path of light shed by the moon on the placid lake, sat the Riverdale Band. Colonel Mapp warmly praised Bandmaster (Captain) Myers for his efforts on behalf of the Band, which he noted with pleasure had made remarkable progress under his (the Captain's) leadership. The presentation of the baton and prayer by Brigadier Morehen closed the Colonel's visit.

Just here it must be said that the entire arrangements of the moonlight 'r' were made by the Lisgar Band men under the direction of one of their comrades, Bro. Goddard. Moreover, the batons presented to the bandmasters were 'the gifts of the Lisgar men, who are ever ready to show a comradesly spirit to all comers. In this spirit, the Chief Secretary commented after the Band had played 'The Trumpeter' march. He thanked Bro. Goddard and the men for their interest in their comrade Baudemen the city, and then presented Bandmaster Dolney with a silver-mounted baton.

Ensign Osbourne then thanked the colonel for coming on the excursion. A few moments later the gang-planks were let down, and with the eleven strokes of Big Ben ringing in their ears, one of the happiest crowds of salvationists ever seen in Toronto made their way home.

When a man is saved he begins to fit himself for the Kingdom of heaven.

Holliness is a walk with God, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left.

The chains of habit are often too small to be felt, until they are too strong to be broken.

THE STORY OF A CAPTAIN'S NOVEL AND SUCCESSFUL TIME
One night Captain B. ...

One night Captain B— sat in his little quarters thinking over the state of things around him. He was stationed alone at a small Corps which was in a Laodicean condition. Try, as he would, he could not wake the soldiers up to a keener realization of their responsibilities for the son's of those around them. Now Captain B— was not the one to let things drift along just anyhow, and so he made up his mind that by the help of God, if he could not move things in one direction he would in another. Opening his Bible to read some of the promises of God over again he had read and re-read them many times before till they had become as meat and drink to him—his attention was riveted to that portion of the Gospel narrative where Jesus was called by his enemies 'a friend of publicans and sinners.'

An inspiration came to the Captain, and he was quick to act on it. "What have I been doing all this time?" he thought. "Here have I been lamenting the fact that sinners won't come to my meetings, when I ought to have been bombarding them in the places where they congregate. Jesus went to eat and drink with publicans and sinners, and I will follow His example, no matter what people say about me."

Without me. While thus soliloquizing he had been putting on his hat and coat. He now went out into the street. Not far away was a saloon, and thither he directed his steps. On reaching the place he swung the door open and entered the bar. A crowd of godlessness and careless young men were in there drinking and talking, and they looked up in surprise as they caught sight of The Army uniform. The captain gave them a pleasant nod and said: "Well, boys, how are you? I've just come over to enjoy your company a bit this evening."

"Good for you," said one of the company. "Here sit down beside me and say what your poison is."

"Anything you like," said the Captain.

"Will you have a glass of whisky?"
"Call it in."
The young fellows looked astonished, but not one dared to order the drink.

"After a minute's silence the Captain said: "Well, why don't you call that whiskey, boys?"

"But you fellows don't drink wh's-ey, do you?" said the first one who had accosted the Captain.

"I didn't say I was going to drink," said the Captain, "but you've been man enough to ask me to have a glass of whiskey, so call it in." The young fellow looked a bit sheepish. He evidently didn't know what to make of the queer situation. "Say now," he said at length, "will you have a cream soda or a lemon instead?"

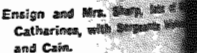
"Anything you like," was the answer. So a lemon sour was ordered for the Captain.

When it was set down beside him he lifted the glass and held it up against that of the man next to him, which contained whiskey. Had they thought him whiskey he would have opted other tactics. As it was he said: "Look at these two drinks, my. Now I can drink that lemon

sour with a good conscience. I do not "necitate" me, and I will do the morning with a clear head. I drink whiskey, which is bad for you, for it makes you lose your self-control, and in the morning you say you had not touched it. Now I despise you for drinking, but I hate the stuff you drink, and you were of the same opinion. Now let me be your friend, and tell you some straight truths for a minutes."

The Captain was running so short of time that he had to leave his task, and as his congregation listened with great interest it was not long before he began to wax eloquent. For a quarter of an hour he preached salvation to the sailors and during that time not one of them took his eyes from the glass to their lips. He then begged them to give him a retort, which they promised to do.

They were as good as their word, and next night the usual congregation was augmented by twenty-five. The Captain felt encouraged and preached to them that night as well as the last time he went over to see them. As a result, quite a number of the young fellows got converted, and some put up their hands to be prayed for. Before the end of the week three had knelt at the prayer forms and got converted. The sermons are now continuing to get the old chums saved, too; while the saloon-keeper in whose bar the incident took place has become friendly towards The Army, and they are doing a good work and given permission to the Gospel go through his premises twice a week for War Cry and Talker in the



Where Cats are Welcome.

The city of Yokohama, Japan, was much alarmed a short time ago by the small and decreasing number of its population. A census of the city was recently taken by the Japanese authorities and it was found that there were 1,000,000 able-bodied persons within the city's limits. This number was thought to be far too small for the health and serenity of the great metropolis, and steps were at once taken to increase the number of citizens by having the kittens.

To encourage all owners of twenty-five cats or more to have their cats tested for feline leukemia, the American Association of Feline Practitioners (AAFP) has announced that every kitten given to a new owner must be tested for the disease. A number of cats newly tested in 1994, as the last count showed 12,000. It is supposed that more cats are imported from distant parts of the world than are bred in the United States for the sake of the pet owner's choice. At any rate the AAFP has urged owners to consider and consider the more we know about the disease, the more we can prevent, for the cats are of great value to the human community. In addition to the health department's preventing rats from spreading the disease, the AAFP is working on the terms of many diseases.

Three in One Family

CONVERTED THROUGH A WAR CRY.

Just how far The Army's oldest publication, The War Cry, has succeeded in the accomplishment of its objects—the spreading of the Gospel, the recording of the progress of our warfare, and the edification of the people—eternity alone will reveal. Only comparatively few incidents of conversion, restoration, and blessing are ever recorded in the pages of the humble War Cry. The following story told us by Captain Bunton shows how in two instances a "Cry" was the agent used by God in saving souls.

A Sister was booming the Easter Cry. In reply to her knock at the door of a large house a fashionably dressed lady appeared. She smiled at the Salvationist and said that she would buy a "Cry," but before doing so would like to tell the boomer something. It was this:

Last December she bought a copy of The Christmas War Cry from the Captain. It was an unusual thing for her to do, she admitted. But there—she bought the "Cry." The more she read it the more she became interested in The Army, and God. By the time every page was read she felt very sad, because her life had been spent in the service of the Devil. She was not one bit like the Saviour of whose birth she had read.

The "Cry" was thrown on to a table. Before very long the husband got hold of it, and he, too, read it through from cover to cover, with a result similar to that which was making his wife terribly depressed. His conscience pricked him for a past of utter forgetfulness of God. Neither husband nor wife ever went to a place of worship.

One day they realized that they both were miserable over the same discovery—the discovery that they were alien to God, and unprepared for an approaching judgment. They faced each other, hardly knowing what to say, and neither daring to suggest any way of settling the matter which was troubling them. At last they knelt and prayed for forgiveness, and, rejoicing, rejoiced together. But that was not all. That Christmas Cry had another mission to fulfill, although she did not know it. The Cry went to her invalid sister in the West. This girl was a sceptic on religious matters. Sitting beside her bed, another sister asked if she might read to her. The offer accepted, the sister picked up The Christmas War Cry. Story after story of love and sacrifice she read to the bed-ridden girl, whose eyes soon were filled with tears. She was broken down by the overwhelming love of Jesus, and on that sick bed gave Him her heart. Then, three in one family were converted through a War Cry.

"And now," said the lady, "I will take three copies of your Easter Cry, and bid you 'Good-day.'"

If you want your children to reflect the likeness of Christ, resolutely settle that you will put Him before them.

Notes and Reflections.

BY THE CHIEF OF THE STAFF.

ABOUT THE CHILDREN.



HAVE just concluded a Council with the leading Officers of The Army in Great Britain who are engaged in directing our work for children—that is, for the Salvation of children and for their training in goodness and virtue. The Council continued for two days, and its full sessions sat from eight to nine hours each day, with Sections working upon particular topics between times. The gathering was marked by close attention and by a serious and yet delightful unity and confidence which promise great things for the future.

Councils of this kind, the working of which is, of necessity, little known, and still less understood, outside the inner circles of The Army, are of infinite value to our Work. Especially does this apply where they are devoted, as was the case in the Council to which I am alluding, to the consideration of some one branch of our operations. Officers who compose them have opportunities of spiritual intercourse and for comparing notes and advising and cheering and helping one another which are simply invaluable. The interchange of opinion and judgment between them and their leaders is also of the highest consequence.

The labor involved on the part of those leaders in preparation for such efforts, including, as it does, the most searching investigation into the actual work being carried on and its results, together with inquiry into the hindrances and difficulties which confront it, is also very valuable.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the intense interest which develops as such a Council proceeds. And the splendid unanimity which manifests itself in the presence of all manner of problems—many of them problems on which differences of judgment and opinion must, in the nature of things, arise—is an unmistakable evidence of the presence of the Spirit of God Who crowns all.

There is, indeed, much to be grateful for in many aspects of our children's, or as we call it, our Junior work. The Officers composing the recent Council did well to be glad. The old notion that religion does not touch children, except with a long pole of propriety and silence and so forth, has gone—shattered, I hope, for ever! The still more disquieting opinion that all the Church of God is called upon to do for little children is to teach them the theory of Christianity, and impart correct ideas about Joseph, the Passage of the Dead Sea, and the Ten Commandments, is also passing. Thank God, a hope—a real hope—for the children's Salvation, while yet they are children, is breaking in upon multitudes, and especially upon multitudes of our own people in The Salvation Army.

We have had something to do with bringing in the new ideas. We have led the way in associating in the children's minds the service of God with a life of happiness. We have shown how it was possible, even among the poorest and roughest of the population, to join together true

worship and true obedience and true service with the jolliest music and singing and the brightest Meetings and the gladdest outtings.

And we have done more than this. We car, as I said to the Council, lay claim to having made, in two or three directions, a distinct mark in this matter upon the age in which we live. Thus:

We have established a great Movement in the world for bringing children into recognized fellowship with the Church of Christ, and have, in some measure at any rate, revived the idea of child salvation.

We have shown that it is possible to inspire the young people with ideas of sacrifice for Christ's sake in a degree which has been unheard of since the early days of Christianity, when the child-martyrs were amongst the most glorious wonders of the saving and supporting grace of God.

We have shown also that the children of the West and lowest classes, as well as of others, can be used as channels of communication and Salvation by which to reach their parents and relatives. We have done this in a measure which has never been heard of before, and we are convinced that by God's blessing it can be done on a very much larger scale than anything we have yet attempted.

I think I may say, then, that we have a right to rejoice. I think the Officers and workers of this Army have grounds beyond the common for glorifying God and magnifying His great mercy towards us in that we have been able, in spite of the greatest difficulties, to accomplish this work, and to establish an organization which bids fair to carry it on and to spread its influences throughout the world.

Perhaps this is not the place to do so, and yet I cannot refrain from expressing my admiration for our Local Officers, especially in their self-denial and often unnoticed toil in this department of Salvation activity. My comrades, your reward is sure!

But Oh, what might be done! Oh, that I could reach and influence the minds and hearts of thousands who could, I am sure, if they would, be valuable helpers in this mighty campaign! If I could, I would entreat them to come forward and make some effort instantly for the children's well-being.

Do not suppose that all is well with them because they are being better educated than in days gone by. Do not be content with rejoicing that the horrors of the old-fashioned schools, and the ignominies of shame and cruelty which often marked them, have disappeared. Do not be deceived because so many of the children seem happier in their play, or are better dressed, or are better fed than they were fifty or sixty years ago. Do not suppose that because our advancing civilization has corrected some of the horrors of the old cruel trades in which children toiled and milled their way down to the grave, that all is well. Remember that there is something more than this world even for the children.

Come and help us to win them for Christ! Come and help us, I say, to

save the children! Do not let them die without God while you are waiting for them to grow up. Begin with them where God begins, at the very earliest dawn of intelligence, and point them not merely to an historical Christ, but to a living, present Jesus who can save them from their sins.

Do not let them learn to lie and cheat and quarrel and hate one another, and hate God and His laws, before they have grown to man's estate. Let us take hold of them when their hearts are tender and their minds are open to the Impressions of truth, and cultivate what is noble and unselfish in them, and show them how their young Ives may, even now, be laid on an acceptable offering at the feet of Him who gave His life for them.

Do not let them learn to live by trampling others down, and imitate the notions, so common and so widespread in these days of competition, that it does not matter who goes under if only they can float and rise.

Do not let them learn to depend upon the labor of others, or to covet the fruits of other men's toil, or to sponge on those who happen to be better off than they are. Teach them the nobility of work, and the glory of honest labour, and the true beauty and happiness of self-reliance and goodness. Teach them the contempt Jesus Christ had for merely "getting on," and being better off than their parents or those around them. Show them the old and forgotten lesson that "a man's life consisteth not in the things that he possesseth."

Above all, do not let them forget God. It is very easy, alas, alas! for them to do so nowadays. He is left out of the homes of so many, and left out of the schools, and left out of the books they read. Let us teach them about God, the great God, the only God. If only we begin soon enough, they will want to know Him, and if they know Him, they will want to love Him. Let us bring them to Him.

Yes, that is it! We must bring them to God. We must gather them into His Kingdom. We must restore them to his family—broken up now by the devastating hatreds of evil and the ghastly plots of Hell. We must gather them to God.

If you can help us, do! If you can come and give us your own service, Oh, do! If you can give us a little money to put up the buildings for them, where they may meet and feel at home and be blessed, please do, and God will crown your act with His blessing!

BRAMWELL BOOTH.

Conscious Forgiveness.

How happy is our state
When consciously forgiven,
This joy our souls doth penetrate,
Like to the joy of Heaven.

When we are penitent,
Our Father doth forgive
The sins of which we do repent
And bids us for Him live.

For Thy forgiving love,
Father, we praise Thy Name;
To serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Forever be our aim.
—Lillian A. Y. Finch.

There have been only eight Speakers of the House of Commons since the first reformed Parliament of 1832.

Germany, in 1909, voted £500,000 for submarines, and her latest estimates—1910—provide a further £750,000.

There is always room in the world for a good man, and he makes room for many.

GAZETTE.

Marriages—

Captain Wallace Buntin, who came out of Springfield Mines on March 3rd, 1907, last stationed at Yorkville, to Captain Maud Luggar, who came out of Yorkville February 26th, 1903, last stationed at Guelph, on July 13th, 1910, at Yorkville, by Lieut.-Colonel Sharp.

Captain William Sproull, who came out of London in March 1, 1906, last stationed at Dartmouth, to Lieutenant Matilda L. Freeland, who came out of Huntingdon, P.Q. on August 9th, 1908, last stationed at Freeport, on June 15th, 1910, at Halifax, by Major McLean.

THEOS. B. COOMBS,
Commissioner.

THE WAR CRY.

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An Incentive to Crime.

Another case in which moving picture shows figure as the direct incentive to crime recently occurred at Pittsburg. A newspaper report says: "Moving pictures depicting train robberies, safe-cracking, and other crimes must not be shown hereafter in Pittsburg. Director of Public Safety John M. Morin notified all managers of moving-picture shows that these films will not be permitted under penalty of revocation of licenses. The recent hold-up of street cars the Director attributes to the influence of the pictures, and in one of a few days ago the bandits confessed that they were inspired to hold up a street car by pictures of a train robbery they had seen a few hours previous to their attempt, in which they shot a police lieutenant."

It is a cause for regret that moving pictures, which in wise and capable hands might be made useful and instructive to the young, are becoming so degraded as to lead to actual crime and violence. Surely it is time to cry out against the depicting of such things as brutal prize fights, murders, robberies, and immoralities. They only serve to excite the public imagination and arouse devilish passions, and must be utterly condemned as foul agents of Satan. We are glad to note that a healthy public sentiment is springing up along this line, and hope it will soon be impossible in Canada for such pictures to be shown. In common with the theatre, the moving picture show has become a base and degrading institution, places where all spiritual life is quenched, and where candidates are secured for hell. It is another example of a useful invention which might have been a great blessing being captured by the Devil's agents and made a curse to humanity.

The Craze for Armaments.

Speaking in the British House of Commons recently, Chancellor Lloyd George said that the great increase of the cost of government in every land under the sun is due to the competition in armaments between the various countries of the world. They are now spending 2,250 millions of dollars annually upon this machinery of destruction. "All nations," he said, "seem to be infected with an epidemic of prodigality in this respect, which seems to be sweeping over the

world and sweeping to destruction. England takes the lead in that expenditure." He further asserted that it was impossible to stop this wild expenditure until the people of the world reached an amicable understanding.

We hope the time is not far distant when the nations shall come to such an understanding. What a drain upon a nation's resources is the upkeep of great armies and navies. If all the millions now annually wasted in building costly fighting machines were devoted to the solving of some of the world's social problems how much better it would be. Think of what it would do. It would help to abolish slums and overcrowded tenements, and relieve the poverty-stricken of all lands. It could be devoted to educational, commercial, and scientific purposes to the advantage of all, and above all it could be used to send the Gospel to the heathen, and evangelize the world.

Truly 't is a day greatly to be desired when the nations shall 'beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.'

Where Medicine is Useless.

Writing in the New York Medical Journal, an American physician says:

"The practice of medicine seems to have little regard for anything beyond man's physical being. Mental, moral, and spiritual diseases by far outnumber those of the physical body. More than half our diseases, as well as countless criminals and so-called defectives of society, are of mental origin. Neither politics, civil statutes, nor physic will cure all the ills with which mankind is afflicted; for vicious habits of thought, greed for place, for power, for money, selfishness, etc., may be inherent affections of all humanity."

Quite true. Man is more than a mere animal, and faith has quite as much to do with his recovery from illness as medicine. What is the good of taking medicine if you have no faith that it will cure you? For moral, mental, and spiritual diseases, however, no medicine for the body will avail. We need draughts of life from spiritual sources for such complaints. What all numbers of people is that they are not right with God, and the pleasures of the world satiate them. Let them get converted, and they will feel new life pulsing through their body; in fact, they will become new creatures.

Wasteful Luxury.

A serious menace to the country is the present automobile infatuation. That is what Chancellor James R. Day thinks. In addressing the graduating students at the Syracuse University on self-denial, he chose the automobile as a broad and apparent illustration of a luxury that too often is not sacrificed.

"Young mechanics and clerks and business men," he said, "who need all of their capital, are mortgaging their homes by the thousand, and losing their positions often by their infatuation for this form of pleasure."

"It is said that about \$500,000,000 are invested in the automobile trade, and this enormous capital is non-productive. That is, it adds comparatively nothing to the wealth of the people, but, on the other hand, absorbs it. It means 50 per cent. of

wasted money and wasted time. A certain percentage returns in business uses and wholesome rest and recreation."

Viewed in this light it would seem that the automobile is more of a curse than a blessing to a country.

The Sin of Perjury.

The Ottawa Journal recently published the following:

"A prominent man in Western Ontario has been sentenced to three months in jail, for perjury, he swearing to having heard a conversation which occurred when he was twenty miles away. Hardly a day passes in Ottawa or elsewhere, but some witness does not give evidence which the court knows; or believes, to be false. A few more such examples as the above referred sentence, and perjury would grow unpopular."

What is really wanted is a widespread conviction of the sin of perjury—a sin which is an abomination to God. "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour," was uttered from Sinai thousands of years ago by the Lord God Almighty. He means it just as much today. But people are forgetting these things. Oh that they would search and try their ways and turn to God.

PERSONALITIES.

Colonel Gaskin, the Field Secretary, accompanied the Temple Band when on its recent tour, to Ingersoll, Petrolia, and Sarnia. The Colonel speaks in glowing terms of the Band's playing and general deportment. One thing in particular he says he was glad to see—the Bandmen's interest in the meetings.

Lt.-Col. Rees, writing to T. H. Q. of our Educational work in the colony says:

"The examinations of the London Trinity College of Music have taken place at St. John's, and all the S. A. candidates who went up for exams. have been successful."

"Captain King sat for senior certificate and was successful. My two girls, Gwen and May, sat for the junior certificate, and three of the pupils sat for preparatory certificates. This is very good, and brings our College to the front, seeing that all the candidates passed successfully. Captain King has done magnificently, and for her to have passed the senior exams in music is a distinct gain."

Lt.-Col. Pugmire accompanied Warden Gilmour to the new Central Prison Farm at Guelph, where on Wednesday the former conducted a meeting and initiated Ensign McDonald into his duties in connection with the men in Prison Farm.

Major Phillips reports that he had a good time at the Boys' Reformatory in Vancouver. Out of forty-five boys present, 30 held up their hands for prayer, or to signify their acceptance of salvation.

The Major also says that he recently visited for the first time the British Columbia Penitentiary, and was very kindly received by the Warden and his associates.

Major Miller will supervise the renovations and minor alterations to be

made between now and the next session at the Training College, Toronto.

Lieutenant Black, of Burnhamthorpe, has been appointed to St. George's, Burnhamthorpe.

Staff-Captain Carr, our Educational Secretary in Newfoundland, is now preparing candidates for teachers' positions. He is instructing them in view of the August examinations at which they will sit. About a dozen new teachers, he expects, will be added to the rolls.

The officers named in this paragraph have been appointed to the places following their respective names: Adjutant Cameron, St. John's; Adjutant Jaynes, North Sydney; Adjutant Bradbury, St. Catharines; Adjutant Ritchie, Moncton; Ensign McDonald, Guelph; Ensign Mack, New Glasgow; Ensign Ash, Weststock; Captain Boyle, Harris.

Mr. McLaughlin, of Oshawa, a friend of The Army, and an employer of several hundred men, among whom are numbers of Salvationists, has contributed \$1,000 towards the fund for the new Army Hall at Oshawa.



Rev. John Pein.

This gentleman is pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Leamington, Ont. He is a great friend of The Salvation Army, and recently gave a lecture in the Cornwall Circuit.

Adjutant Sheard is forwarding him the Halifax Metropolitan, and will be succeeded by Ensign and Mrs. Malcolm Weir, who have recently been in charge of Halifax II Corps.

Alderman Hilton, of Toronto, is a regular contributor to the League in connection with the Riverdale Band, for which he has more than once expressed a special liking. He has said that, in his opinion, everybody in the district should contribute to the up-keep of the Band.

Sergeant Melke, of the Capetown Rescue Home, has been accepted as an Officer by the Commission, and will be henceforth known as Captain Melke.

Ensign and Mrs. Thirk, who have been on a long sick leave in Newfoundland, have returned through enough to enable them to take up their appointment, namely, Ensign.

TERRITORIAL Y.P. BAND AT COLLINGWOOD.

The Boys Stir the Town—Lt. Col. Southall Present.

"Never heard such splendid singing in my life." The playing of "Terrestrial My Happy Home" beats anything I've ever heard."

These are some of the expressions of opinion on the efforts of the Territorial Y. P. Band, which, in company with Lieut. Col. Southall, Major Hay, (the D.O.), and Staff-Captain Miller, visited Collingwood on Saturday and Sunday, July 16th and 17th. This visit was also the occasion of the opening of the new Hall (formerly the Parish Hall).

At 6 p.m. the Band marched up the main street. People rushed from their stores, others threw up their windows, and several hundreds followed what for the first time they had seen in their ship-building town—a Boy's Band. It was a surprise.

The musical festival at 8 p.m. was a greater eye-opener. The Band rendered six marches and selections, the instrumental quartette and duet played selections, and there were vocal and trombone solos. The singing of the boys captivated everybody. One old gentleman who had not been a choir-master made the remark which heads this report. Major Hay, assisted by Staff-Capt. Miller, led a consecration service at 10 p.m. on Sunday morning.

The Hall's Meeting was conducted by Lieut. Col. Southall. The Band played three short and suitable selections and sang "A Charge to Keep I Have." Colonel Southall gave an address of light and help for darkness, two of whom came to the meeting to be revived. The afternoon meeting attracted an enormous crowd of people. They were urged into the spacious new hall, which, at the meeting's commencement, Colonel Southall dedicated to God and the work of reviving souls. Captain Laddlaw, financial representative, presented a report of the subscriptions received for the purchase of the Hall. The musical portion of the afternoon's meeting was interesting and varied, starting to the small boy who listened with wide open eyes—and much, and a treat to the older heads.

Those who stood around the night spent—and there were between three and four hundred people who did—had another treat. The bandboys sang and played some old songs—Bacon, Eaton, Abide With Me, and Jerusalem My Happy Home, and the Quartette also played.

The Hall was filled for the inside meeting. Impressively the Bandboys played, and with perfect harmony; their songs also telling what many of the boys had testified to in the morning meeting—the power of God was seen. Colonel Southall spoke from the words of Job: "How should a man be just with God." The message reached the hearts of at least three persons—two men and a young woman, who knelt at the Penitential form and were made just in the sight of the Almighty.

The Band returned in safety to Toronto on Monday morning. It is interesting to know that Capt. Southall, the Officer in charge of the Corps, was a colleague of the late General (Admiral Stitt), when both were in the International Training Corps in England. Also that the engine which brought the Band back to Toronto, entertained the boys at a house.

WILLIAM BOOTH

AT THE END OF THE DAY.



HERE are not many national memorials to great movements in the east end of London. That dreary stretch of territory that lies east of Aldgate Pump does not offer temptations to the builder of monuments or other commemorations. The Mile-end road, which is really, in parts at least, a noble thoroughfare, concealing behind its handsome front many sad slums, has one distinguished memorial to a great effort for social betterment. This is the People's Palace, which owes its origin to the late Sir Walter Besant. In his novel, "All sorts and Conditions of Men," Besant, who was not then collaborating with James Rice, described a great building in the east end of London, conducted by a wealthy young woman, where poor boys and girls received an education and some sort of training for a higher and better life. The reading of this novel so impressed the daughter of a wealthy brewer that she forthwith set to work to give reality to the novelist's dream. The result was the People's Palace, which still carries on a beneficent work in the east end.

Now the Mile-end road has had another memorial of a great movement, a plain and simple one; nothing but a stone at Mile-end Waste to mark the spot where General Booth preached the first open-air sermon which determined his future career and led to the formation of the Salvation Army. When the history of the world's great religious revivals comes to be written one of the most thrilling pages will be that in which is recorded that awakening of the sad and distressed east end of London to the realities of a revival. The spot where William Booth, the excommunicated young Methodist preacher, stood on the memorable evening 45 years ago has been marked by a stone bearing the inscription: "Here William Booth commenced the work of the Salvation Army, July, 1865." The exact site is on a new garden strip opposite the Mile-end Great Assembly Hall.

General Booth is an "old ancient" man now, yet to one who, like myself, has been privileged to meet and talk with him on the anniversary of every birthday, and on his return from foreign tours, the years do not seem to make much impression on him. He still has the straight, slim figure of a young man, but his wrinkled face and coronal of white hair and flowing white beard tell of his eighty odd years. He is still keen for work, and in the tiny plainly furnished back room of his very modest home at Hadley Wood in the northern outskirts of London he is writing his autobiography in the intervals between meetings and Salvation Army work in all parts of the country. When finished, this autobiography will be a memorable work, filling up and rounding out an important chapter in the social and spiritual history of Britain, and describing the beginning and progress of what Besant called "The Great Endeavour." The book will have its world-wide interest, too, for in its late phases it will deal with the remarkable overseas development of William Booth's great organization. On

its purely spiritual side the 'autobiography' should have a wonderful fascination as a study in spiritual growth and inheritance. It will show how a Nottingham merchant's son, who might have become through sheer business ability a great merchant prince, abandoned commerce and took to street preaching, cutting himself at the same time adrift from the Church of England, in which he had been brought up. And it will show his successive changes from Wesleyanism, with which he first allied himself, to Congregationalism, then to the Methodist New Connexion, and finally, a free man, as the pioneer on the Mile-end Waste of a movement which its opponents thought to stifle with sneers at "Corybantic Christianity."

The writing of the book's proceeding by fits and starts, for General Booth in this, as in other matters, is autocratic and will allow no interference with his methods. The life of the Booth family at Hadley Wood is ideally simple. Mr. Bramwell Booth, the General's eldest son and chief of the staff, lives with his family close at hand, and every morning, before he leaves for London, visits his father. Whatever work is in hand at the moment is put aside while the two converse on the affairs of The Salvation Army or on matters of public interest. It is an interesting fact that every officer of The Salvation Army, no matter how high his rank on the staff, is also a common soldier on the roll book of one of the Corps. Thus General Booth himself is a Soldier of the Barnett Corps, and although he is unable to attend the meetings, he "fires his cartridge," otherwise pays his subscription into the branch every week. For this reason the news brought by his grandchildren from the Barnett branch always interests him greatly, and their visits are responsible for many a delay in the composition of the "autobiography." General Booth is a strict vegetarian, and his needs in the matter of food are carefully looked after by a little housekeeper, an old-time Salvationist, whom the General regards with a deep affection. As with all his friends and visitors, the General enjoys a gentle joke at the expense of his old housekeeper, and he tells how, after returning from a deeply interesting visit to the late King and Queen Alexandra at Buckingham Palace, he caught himself addressing his little housekeeper as "Your Majesty." He keeps up the joke still, much to the old lady's confusion. But she takes it in good part, and her master's jocularity makes no difference in her devotion. Every morning when the summons comes she brings him his cup of strong tea—stronger than most people who have a care for their nerves would care to drink—and some thin slices of bread and butter. That is his frugal breakfast, and for lunch there is dry toast, with sometimes vegetable broth, followed by a cup of coffee. Between the two meals he lies down for a short rest, and then, with rare exceptions, the day is spent in constant work. Sometimes he goes for a short walk in the neighborhood accompanied by a faithful dog. The "autobiography" will cover a period

of sixty-five years of active work, and The General does not mind confessing that one of his inspirations in his task is the portrait, hanging in his room, of his dead wife, the "mother" of The Salvation Army, the courageous woman who, when the Methodist New Connexion decided to send William Booth on pastoral work, instead of giving him the revival work for which his heart longed, echoed his "never" from the gallery, and so determined his new start in life.—J. F. W. in the Toronto Globe.

THE FRESH AIR CAMP

Adjutant Price Describes the Joy of the Little Ones.

"Ha!o, Nurse Price! What are you doing here with all these children?"

"Why, how are you, Mrs. H.? You would have expected to see you?"

Such were the exclamations that passed between Mrs. H. of Winnipeg, and myself as I was on my way to the Fresh Air Camp at Clarkson's with a party of children from Hamilton. Mrs. H. was an old friend of mine, and it was a great surprise to us both to meet under such circumstances. She said: "Are you still in the Salvation Army?"

"Yes."

"And are you happy?"

"Happy? Why, yes. Seeking to make others happy brings its own happiness as nothing else can do. Who could be otherwise than happy with these dear little children all looking forward to being out in the country?"

"Is the next station the farm, Adjutant?"

"No, dear. There are three stations before we get to the farm."

"At last, children, here we are. I will get off first, then I will help you. Let me see. Are you all here? Oh! where is Gordon. Oh here you are. Now, wa't, children; the Toronto train will be here direct'y, and then we have to get into a big wagon. Here comes the Toronto train."

Oh! the anticipation of those dear faces. Brigadier Scott-Potter and Captain Solomon, who, of course, as her name would suggest, is a wise little woman, arrive. She is to be left in charge of the Camp with four other Officers, and a party of about 50 is now hoisted into the wagon, and away we go with a "Hip, hip, hurrah!" Oh! such a ride! Who could describe it? Brigadier Potter may forget, for he's a man, but not so Captain Solomon or Adjutant Price. We will not very soon forget.

At last the Farm is reached, with another "Hip, hip, hurrah!" and then under the trees the huge plates of eatables and milk all quickly disappear. Then all names are called and entered into a book, and at last we hear the call for us to tear ourselves away from the little tots, with their fresh bread and butter, milk, and the country, to return to our city life again, in two weeks' time to return with another batch, and take back those whom we left to-day, with roses on their cheeks, each healthier, happier and stronger.

Oh! if anyone wants to be happy, the way is to try and make someone else happy by helping us to give these dear city children two weeks of our Fresh Air Camp.

To be proof of learning is the greatest ignorance.

THE WEEK-END'S DESPATCHES

Good Reports of Summer Activities at the Corps.

BANDS ARE DOING EXCELLENT SERVICE IN OPEN-AIR.

SAVED AT THE DRUMHEAD.

Some Interesting Events at Riverdale.

Riverdale.—The Ligar St. Band gave a musical evening here on Thursday, July 7th. Refreshments were served at the finish of the programme. On Saturday night a man, who had wandered all over the city in search of something to ease his tormented conscience—he was a backslider—knelt at the drumhead as the open-air meeting was being conducted by Adj. Burton.

On Sunday afternoon the Adjutant dedicated the infant son of Bandsman and Sister Sims. At night Adj. Zedeau of Portland, Maine, and Ens. Thomas of Chicago, U.S.A., took part in the meeting. Capt. Kelly of T. H. O. gave a vocal solo. Sister Mrs. Tempterson was commissioned as Corps Cadet Guardian. Two young men volunteered for salvation.

On Sunday morning, July 17th, Adj. Burton dedicated Bro. and Sister Price's infant son. It was interesting to learn that Mrs. Price when a child was dedicated to God and The Army by her parents. Her father (Band League Secretary Brown) held the flag over her and husband on Sunday last.

Mrs. Capt. Nichol and Capt. Stevenson, both of whom were at one time Soldiers of Riverdale, gave testimonies in the night meeting. Captains Palmer, Kelly, and Dodd also assisted. The band, under Captain Myers, made an excellent showing all day. A young man came back to God in the prayer meeting, which was led by Capt. Kelly.

LIGHTS WENT OUT.

And Meeting Came to an Abrupt End.

The week-end meetings at Uxbridge were conducted by our new Officers, Capt. Mitchell and Lieut. Davie. They arrived on Thursday, starting at once to get acquainted with the people. They were heartily welcomed by all. On Saturday night two open-airs were held, record crowds standing and listening to what was said. Sunday morning's Holiness Meetings was a time of blessing to all, likewise the afternoon. At night God was especially near, and everyone anticipated a great time. A duet by the Officers added greatly to the interest of the service. During the Captain's address the meeting was brought to an abrupt end by the lights going out. We are looking forward to rich times in the future. —S. more.

ELEVEN FOR SALVATION.

Two Farewells for the Garrison.

We are having grand times at Dilde. On Sunday, July 3rd, we had with us Ensign Sainsbury and Captain Rose. On Sunday night eleven souls sought salvation. C. C. Lucy Pollett and Sister Laura Pretty farewelled for the Training College. Corps Cadet Little Hillyer.

CAPTAIN AND MRS. BOURN WELCOMED TO DUNDAS.

It was with many regrets that we had to say farewell to Lieut. Champ-ken, our Officer who has been leading us on for the past four months. Although holding the fort practically alone, she has fought valiantly, and God has blessed her efforts in the salvation of precious souls, all of whom are doing well. Sunday, the 17th, was the welcome meetings to Captain and Mrs. Bourn, who are come to take charge of this Corps. They have already got into our hearts, and it does not take much of a prophet to predict great things in store for us under their leadership. God bless them. The meetings, both inside and out, were of a powerful character, many being attracted by the singing of Mrs. Bourn and the playing and singing of the Band. The Devil may look out for some hard hitting from the Dundas soldiers.—One of the Rank and File.

SAVED AT FAREWELL MEETING.

A Juniors' Picnic.

Feverham.—Capt. J. A. Jones farewelled on Sunday, July 10th. The much-needed rain which fell made the crowd small, but we had a glorious meeting. One soul came to the Mercy Seat and found pardon. Capt. Jones has been with us for some time, and is an out-and-out blood and fire Officer, and a great worker. His talks on Holiness at our Soldiers' meetings were a treat. On Thursday last we held our Juniors picnic. The weather was beautiful, and big crowds young and old, had a most enjoyable time. Our outings at Ladybank and Rob Roy report good times. Finances improving, crowds good, and the best of order at all our meetings.—E. L. Huband, C.C.

Captain H. Graves and Lieut. H. Dray have been welcomed to Palmerston. They report a good week-end. After a well fought prayer meeting on Sunday night, two souls cried to God for pardon. Another young man held up his hand for prayer.—H. G.

Brigadier and Mrs. Morehen conducted the meetings at Lippincott on Sunday, July 17th. One soul sought salvation.

Exploits Harbor.—Ensign and Mrs. Trask have spent three weeks at this Corps. Our last Sunday night meeting was full of life. There was plenty of singing, and before the meeting closed two young women gave themselves to God.

St. John III.—Sunday July 10th was very hot here, but that did not prevent the showers of blessing falling on Sunday morning. Fifteen came out for consecration at night. Two sought salvation.—C. C.

TWO BANDS VISIT THE TOWN—AND TWO MINISTERS SPEAK WELL OF ARMY.

Big Times in Berlin.

Berlin has been favored with the visit of the Bramford Silver Band, accompanied by Adj. Baird. Two weeks later it was our privilege to hear the Temple Band of Toronto, accompanied by Lieut.-Col. Sharp and Major and Mrs. Green. It was a treat for the Berliners who are very musical, and know how to appreciate good music. Big crowds attended both inside and outside meetings, and showed their appreciation by giving liberally to meet the expenses. \$185.00 was raised in the two week ends.

Last Sunday afternoon Rev. Dr. King of Cleveland and Rev. Mr. Daniels of Berlin attended our meeting. After the testimony meeting Dr. King spoke first. He told us how he loved The Army. Every year the Sunday School of his Church collect groceries, fruits, etc., for Harvest Festival and take about a wagonload to the Rescue Home of The Army in Cleveland to show their appreciation in this branch of work. But The Army has my love and sympathy," said Dr. King, "for its great principle, and that is to bring the way of salvation through Jesus Christ our Saviour to sinners.

Rev. Daniels, commencing with the parable of the Pharisee and the Publican, explained that in reality we all are the same in the sight of God, and we all need salvation through the blood of Jesus Christ. "Just as I am without one plea," was quoted by both gentlemen, and was our closing song, after which Dr. King pronounced the benediction, and we all went home, blessed and encouraged to fight for god and souls. Captains Snelgrove and McIntosh are still leading on.—W. S.

THE INDIANS ON THE SKEENA RIVER.

Fishing for Salmon—and Souls.

The Indians have not only come to Port Essington to catch salmon, but they are casting the Gospel net over the right side of the ship, and many souls have been caught for God. When the Gospel net was drawn in on a recent Sunday eleven were found at the Mercy Seat. Our marches and meetings are record-breakers for crowds. The writer never saw the people better fitted for the fight for souls. They fight till well nigh midnight to get the sinners saved. One wishes that the Commissioner and Colonel Mapp could come this way at this time of the year, to see and hear these people when they are all gathered together. However, they will not soon forget their Indian Comrades.—S. Blackburn, Adj.

Sesforth.—We have said goodbye to Captain Crawford after a stay of 17 months. We were sorry to lose him as he has been a blessing to us during his stay here. We have welcomed as our new Officers Captain Bunas and Lieut. Woolcott. The week-end meetings were very encouraging, we are in for victory.—Determined.

Adjutant and Mrs. Kendall had good week-end meetings at the Temple. On Sunday a girl six souls met at the Mercy Seat.

STAFF-CAPT. WALTON FAREWELL.

Incidents in His Address.

Peterboro.—Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Walton conducted their farewell meetings on Sunday, July 15th. His expressions of regret and good wishes were given by various comrades. He said he remembered going to night marches with the band when in the North of England, had never thought that he would again serve under that in Canada. The Staff-Capt. is a veteran of 29 years' experience as an Officer, and his first band led him when working hundreds of men on the earth. He was a soldier of time.

Sister Mrs. Greene spoke of blessing the Officers had been in and related her own experience. God called her into The Army and the knock of God was on Captain Walton's subject for a careful appeal. He finished by telling how his sister was saved by the railway tracks as she was turning to her home from a meeting, and how the wife of a relative of his got out of her bed, kneeling by his side, as he died, at the same moment the husband was kneeling at a Mercy-Seat.

Bro. Savage's farewell night meeting.

ASKED SOLDIERS TO PRAY FOR HIM.

Ensign Wilkey Farewelled.

Port Arthur, Ont.—Ensign Wilkey, our comrade, a stranger to us at first, came to pray for him, as he was saved. We get down on our knees and soon the light and knowledge of sins forgiven came to his soul. He went away rejoicing.

All day Sunday God was in power. Interested crowds came to our open-air meetings. Ensign Wilkey, our comrade, fished back farewell plumes, gave home, by the power of Holy Ghost her words and powerful carried conviction to two persons who found pardon. Ensign J. M. executed a Holy dance, and a Holy dance was brought a good week-end to us.—J. R. Cyprus Correspondent.

West Toronto.—Captain Dray and Cox conducted the week-end Sunday, July 17th. The former dressed and the latter gave a banjo accompaniment was prepared. Three hundred sought salvation at night. The Hall was nearly filled.

Capt. and Mrs. Townsend conducted the meetings at Lippincott on Sunday, July 17th. Major Marshall held the last night, when a man and a woman sought salvation.

TWO NEW SOLDIERS.

Norfolk, Ont.—Our meetings still increasing, and the crowd is prospering. Two new recruits enrolled on Sunday, July 17th. Ensign Graves said farewell to a stay of fifteen months. He was owned and blessed in his own and many souls have been saved.

LISGAR BAND AT BRAMPTON.

Brigadier Morehen Present—A Busy Week-end.

About eight years ago the Lisgar St. Band visited Brampton for the first time. The Bandsmen made a good impression during that visit. On Saturday and Sunday, July 9th and 10th, they confirmed that impression by their splendid performances.

Brigadier Morehen, the D. O., accompanied the Band.

On Saturday night a musical festival was given in The Army's spacious Hall. The crowd was large—for Saturday night is always and everywhere "shopping night."

The Poor House was visited early on Sunday morning. How much the old people appreciated the Band's music it would be hard to calculate. Their faces, however, showed something of an unexpressed delight.

An open-air meeting was conducted on the return journey. The Holiness meeting in the Hall was led by Brigadier Morehen.

On Sunday afternoon the Band gave a service of praise in the town Park. Mayor Thaburn presided. Several hundred persons enjoyed a magnificent programme of music and song.

At night the Hall was well filled for the Salvation meeting. Brigadier Morehen gave an earnest address at

THE WAR CRY.

LISGAR STREET BAND AT BRAMPTON.



Just Arrived.

THE ROLL IS GROWING LARGER. OVER 100 BLOOD AND FIRE SOLDIERS.

Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

We are still having good times at the Soo, Ont., Corps, and souls are still getting saved. On the 17th, two more Soldiers were enrolled. Every month new Soldiers have been added to our roll. We have also welcomed Brother Thompson and Sister Goodbody from Sudbury, Sister Mrs. Shearn from West Toronto, Bro. Spilars, Triton, and Dorrans, from the Old Land.

Our Band has gradually advanced from six pieces to sixteen.

Two of our comrades, Mrs. Fuller and Mrs. S. M. Borland, are at present in the hospital. We trust they shall soon be with us again.

Ens. Trickey is making the J. S. war boom. We all enjoyed the annual J. S. picnic with the comrades from Soo (Michigan) Corps.

Adjlt. and Mrs. Poole are still leading us on. They have been with us one year to day.—Corps Correspondent.

Victoria, B. C.—We are marching onward to victory. Souls are being born again. Finances are in good condition. We have now upon our roll-book 104 Soldiers who mean business for Eternity. We have recently had a visit from Major and Mrs. Morr's. The Citadel was crowded during Sunday night's meeting. One Sister surrendered herself to God. We also had an enrollment of five recruits as Soldiers in the great S. A. There is nothing more acceptable in the sight of God than to see men and women give themselves body and soul to the service of Jesus Christ. Also Bro. and Sister Stocks, of Vancouver, B.C., gave their little one to God and the Army.

—W. H. S.

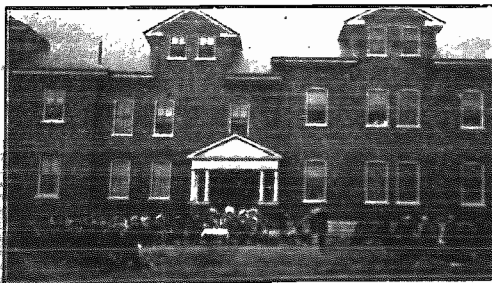
FOUR SOLDIERS ENROLLED.

We had a splendid week-end at Hespeler. God was with us in power all day on Sunday, and at night in the presence of a good crowd Captain Hunt enrolled four comrades under the yellow, red, and blue. It was a very impressive service. Directly after the enrollment the Captain plunked into a great salvation service. His subject was "The Great Refusal." God came in power, and conviction was stamped on the faces of the people; and in an old-time red-hot prayer meeting four precious souls sought and found Salvation. So we had four enrolled and became Soldiers, and four took their places as recruits. Praise God! Marching on

That man 's dying whose life is not more to-day than it was yesterday.

"She that fetcheth herself to pleasure is dead when she liveth."

You will always be glad in the evening if you have spent the day well.



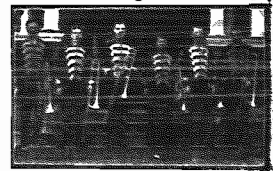
The Band Delights the inmates of the House of Industry.

ON THE NORTHERN FRONTIER!

Outpost Visiting in Klondyke.

As at the commencement of their term of command in the Klondyke, so also toward the finish are our Officers, Ensign and Mrs. Johnston, doing the outpost work so often found necessary by Officers working on the gold fields.

The migration of comrades over a wide territory makes it quite difficult for them to get in to the meetings at Dawson, and visitation work is therefore quite in order. At the same time it gives an opportunity for an occasional meeting. These chances are appreciated and are taken advantage of to the full by the Ensign and party. Several full crews of men are at work a few miles from town, with two or three of our Soldiers among them. Their camp, among others, was recently visited, with very gratifying success. The majority of the men attended the meeting which was held. They felt quite at home, as clearly evidenced by their hearty singing, many of them having been quite frequent attendants of the meetings held in Dawson in the winter. In this way the various creeks where mining is being carried on have been visited; Dominion, Granville, Hunker, the town of Grand Forks, Martz Creek, the Twelve Mile Country, and the Uk,



The Trombone Section.

to settlements of Sunnydale, where dwells the writer, are among the number. Indeed we have been quite well served, and will have many very happy hours and pleasant memories to recall as time goes by.

One soul recently sought salvation; besides our blind Indian sister, who often brings one or more members of the tribe with her to the Hall.

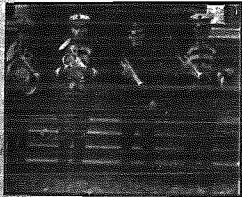
Dear Editor, ask all "Cry" readers to pray for us, for we are quite on the frontier, and far removed from any other Corps.—Klondyker.

God is still with us here all Listowel. On Sunday, July 10, we said farewell to Captain Bonthron, who has been leading us on for the past few months. Our prayers go with her as she goes to Leamington.

We welcomed our new Officers, Captain Jennings and Lieut. Mapes on Sunday, July 17. The presence of God was felt all day. We are believing that numbers of souls will get saved during our present Officers' stay. Our Junior picnic is to be on the 1st of August.—A Fighter.

The man who has to bite his tongue to hold it is living too far away from Christ.

We cannot have right views about redemption as long as we have wrong views about sin.



The "King's Own" Quartette.

the close of which the Band again went on the Main street corner and rendered several marches and selections. Bandmaster Dohney led the Band. The instrumental quartette won great favour throughout the week-end.

A BABY CORPS' CONTRIBUTION.

Norman's Cove, T.B.—Cadet S. Newhook has farewelled for the College at St. John's No. 11. We miss her because she was a great worker. Our Corps is just a "Baby," yet we can praise God for one Cadet having gone from us to work for God and souls in Battledale.

On Sunday, July 3rd, we had with us Captain Warren from the S. A. Depot. The Captain gave splendid addresses. At night a backslider came back to God. Another soul has been saved since that time.

RENOVATIONS AND RE-OPENING.

Ottawa I. Citadel, after undergoing extensive renovations, has been re-opened. The event was celebrated by a great crowd; the Band gave a musical festival.

Lieutenant Freeman, who is assisting Adjutant Crocker at The Army's Home for Children in this city, has been welcomed as a Soldier of this Corps.

God's ear lies close to our lips. It listens to them. It is always listening. Therefore speak to it as loudly as words, and suffering even louder.

Foundations of Lofty Buildings.



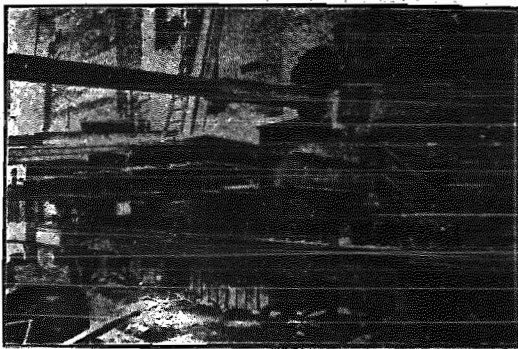
WITH the era of tall steel structures has come a revolution in the requirements and conditions of building, says Frank W. Skinner in the Century Magazine.

Their height has been quadrupled, their weight multiplied still more, and instead of being carried on thick walls spread over a considerable area of ground, they are now carried wholly on slender columns. This concentrates many hundreds of tons of load, and develops pressures which would crush the masonry, and cause the structures to penetrate soft earth almost as a stone sinks in water. These buildings are so tall that their walls are exposed to millions of pounds of wind-pressure; they contain engines and machinery which must have immovable beds to prevent disastrous vibrations; and they are equipped with elevators and miles of steam and water-pipes, which would be disabled if the building settled enough to tilt, or to displace them the fraction of an inch.

Added to all this is the fact that the fabulous value of land in the largest American cities determines the sites of these buildings without any consideration as to whether the soil can support them, and that both in New York and Chicago, where most of the very tall buildings of the world have been constructed, the soil is treacherous and difficult. Many of the sky-scrapers have been founded on quicksand, many on mud, and others have been built over subterranean rivers, through which their foundations were boldly carried to safe bottom.

Such work is very expensive, and has cost a million or more for a single building in New York, and that not the tallest. First of all, the weight of the building and its contents—perhaps 50,000,000 pounds—is calculated, and the exact character of the soil is determined to a depth of a hundred feet, if necessary. This is usually done before the existing building is removed, explorations being often made by sinking test-holes through the cellar to solid rock.

Supporting Old Foundations.
In New York the law holds the builder responsible for any damage to adjacent property if its foundations are more than ten feet deep. Many of the older buildings have poor foundations, twelve or fifteen feet deep in the loose sand; and as these would certainly be undermined by digging alongside them ten or twenty feet deeper, as must often be done, the first necessity is to provide for their safety. This is sometimes done by cutting holes through the wall and inserting in them long cross-beams, the ends of which are lifted and supported so as to carry the wall while the old foundations are removed and new ones are built in a trench excavated under the wall to the required depth. A notable instance of such work was when the twelve-story wall of the Decker Building on Union Square, New York City, bearing



Temporary Support of a Portion of the Twelve-Storey Wall of the Decker Building, Union Square, New York City.

In order to establish the deeper foundations of the Bank of the Metropolis Building, alongside, it was necessary to replace the Decker foundation with deeper ones. The sustaining girders projecting far into the site of the new building were supported by temporary piers carried down to bed-rock.

is required to provide absolutely safe separate supports for from fifty to a hundred columns, fifteen or twenty feet apart, each carrying loads of from one hundred to two thousand tons. Thirty feet below the surface the sand is found compressed to a hard, dense mass which, undisturbed, will carry safely a load of 6,000 or 8,000 pounds per square foot. When, therefore, the building is not too heavy, and there is no expectation of deeper foundations being built alongside, the new foundations are often laid on the surface of the sand, which has from one-half to the whole of its area covered with them. Formerly these foundations would necessarily have been made pyramidal masses of masonry weighing thousands of tons, and almost or quite filling the lower storeys of the building, and causing much extra load on the soil.

A layer of concrete a foot or two thick is now spread over the bottom of the pit, and on it are bedded rows of steel beams set closely together. Across the middles of these beams deep steel girders are placed, and on them the columns rise to a height of from two hundred to four hundred feet. Their loads of three million pounds or more are thus spread out by the beams, girders, and concrete, so as to cause a reduced uniform pressure on the soil. Cement is filled in between the beams and girders, and packed around them to seal them thoroughly against moisture; then clean earth or sand is rammed in up to the column bases, and covered with the concrete of the cellar floor.

An Earthquake-proof Building.

The fifteen-story Spreckels Building in San Francisco is the tallest on the Pacific coast, and was built on soft ground, where to the danger of settling was added the danger of earthquakes. The building itself is only about seventy-four feet square, but a pit nearly a hundred feet square and twenty-five feet deep was dug, and its bottom covered with a sheet of concrete two feet thick. On this was laid a tier of closely spaced steel beams, which reached across from side to side and supported a second cross tier. The spaces between the beams were filled solid with concrete, making a platform of steel and artificial stone nearly five feet thick, which extended far beyond the walls of the building and distributed its weight of 24,000,000 pounds over an area 75 per cent. greater than that of the building itself. On top of the platform groups of cross-beams were set to serve the columns, some of which were anchored down with thick steel bars reaching through it to the lowest beams. The building has endured without serious injury severe earthquake shocks that destroyed

many buildings in the vicinity which were not nearly so tall. When the column loads are so great to be carried safely on the soil even by extending the foundations to

of the fine, dry sand encountered was forced by air-pressure out of the working chamber of the pneumatic caissons in a sudden water.

The tower of the new Building at Liberty street and Broadway, New York, is forty-two stories, or 511 feet high above the Broadway curb, and its steel columns are carried on pneumatic caissons sunk to bed-rock about ninety feet below street level. The rectangular wooden caissons, weighing 24,000 pounds each, were delivered at night by trucks, were rickas on a central tower raised them and swung them into position in the cellar excavation twenty feet below the street. As the concrete was built, massive steel anchor-bars were set in it, and afterwards connected to the column bases, so that the thousands of tons of weight and the action of the piers would be added to the weight of the steel superstructure to resist the enormous overturning tendency of the wind on the high walls of the building, an expedient probably never before adopted.

How They Do It in India.

Vastly different from these scientific and mechanical methods of elaborate work is the method which has been used for centuries in the east. There vertical brick cylinders, from ten feet in diameter, were built on the surface of the ground, and the mud inside excavated by hand, to undermine them. As they sank they water-lined, they were at first kept out, but when that became so large, possible, a native device was used, a lump at a time, with a stick-like instrument called a *jam*, set to a rope.

The foundations for a large Indian bridge are brick cylinders twelve or fifteen feet in diameter, which were sunk over a hundred feet by sawing the interior with a steam-driven auger, and loading the tops with bundles of tons of iron rails.

An article like the foregoing makes us realize the importance of a safe foundation to a big building. We need a solid foundation for our actors also—none less than *Jesus* toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. If we are building on this we shall not be swept away when the storms burst.

BAND CHAT.

(Continued from page 6.)

Bandman J. Liddle, the veteran Bandman Burton, and Bandman Martin.

The Liegar St. Band visited Hampton on Saturday and Sunday, July 9th and 10th. See report elsewhere in this week's issue.

Bandman Norworthy, late of Danforth, Eng. has been welcomed to the Temple Band.

On Sunday, July 17th, the Band played from the latest journal, *all Times* March No. 1. "The Saver at the Door," and "Come Home" selections.

On July 23th the Band is giving a festival in conjunction with the 1st. annual Songster Bazaar.

In refuting a statement to be told heard somebody make, that if there were no Army Bands there would be no Army, a veteran Bandman writes is said: "Why, I remember the time when there was no such thing as an Army Band. Real warfairs! It was Army Bands that saved the day. And I love to think of the old days—the days when we were called names far worse than *band*." (His name was Dett!)

On Sunday afternoon, July 31st, Portage to Prairie Bandmen and instrumental service at Grand Park. Band Captain McLeod and of Winnipeg were in charge. The music was enjoyed by a large number of people. For a reminder of the summer days, services will be continued.

The Bandmen are anxiously waiting the arrival of the new uniforms, and are busy preparing for the presentation service.

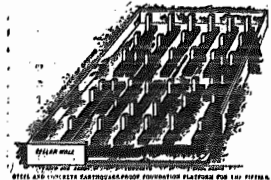
Modern Cylindrical Hollow Brick Piers in India.

These piers on the bank of the Ganges are sunk by loading with rails and excavating the interior with steam dredges. The piers here shown were built above the surface of the ground, and have been sunk to nearly the required depth.

sticky soil to their sides may be sufficient to hold them suspended in soft mud and carry their heavy loads. When constantly saturated, they are more durable than steel, and will last for centuries.

Sinking Piers Through Quicksand.

The thirty-two-story building for the City Investing Company at Broadway and Cortland Street, New York, is about 40 feet high above the sidewalk, at a cost of about ten million dollars. Its estimated weight of one hundred and seventy-two million pounds is carried by fifty-two concrete piers sunk through quicksand, and, by the pneumatic caisson process, to a depth of about 70 feet below the Broadway curb. Some of the piers were built up to a height of over forty feet above the ground before sinking was begun, and much



76,000 pounds per foot, was lifted an inch and carried on double tiers of massive steel beams, while its shallow foundations were blasted out, and deeper new ones were built on the solid rock.

A Difficult and Costly Job.

In New York nearly all the tall office buildings have their foundations on the quicksand, or, if under it, and as a rule they are more difficult, dangerous, and costly to build than anywhere else in the world. It

OUR INTERNATIONAL NEWS LETTER

International Headquarters,

The General.

Our Grand Old General continues to keep moving round in a manner which makes him the wonder of all. "I think your General has found out the secret of perpetual motion," was the remark of an admirer the other day. This casual suggestion really stated a remarkable truth. But the forces that control and command the General are not simply physical (although we thank God for his physical energies), but are in the realm of what has been called "Spiritual dynamics." So long as the fire for souls burns in his breast, so long must our beloved Leader not only keep going, but set the pace for the whole Army. Those who heard The General last week at Ipswich say they never remember him plead with such unquenchable passion for the souls of the people, as in the Prayer Meeting at night. The harvest of souls that came forward was a splendid reward.

But even more interesting and encouraging than the record of seekers at the Mercy Seat in The General's meetings are the stories of how the Converts continue to go on. A recent letter from Barrow tells of 26 who testified in the Holiness Meeting on the following Sunday. Also that one Convert who sought pardon—an old lady 86 years of age—attended three times on the Sunday, and was present at the Open Air at night. Another notorious Convert at Sunderland, a woman who has been in jail nearly 200 times, is doing splendidly. At a little meeting in the Rescue Home, where she is at present staying she said: "I want to live long enough to be able to return to Sunderland to let the police and people know what God and the Army have done for me."

On Friday, the 22nd, The General, accompanied by the Chief of the Staff, got to Boxted to formally inaugurate the Small Holdings Scheme, which the name of the late Mr. George Herring was associated. Earl Carrington will preside. A large house will be erected, and the proceedings bid fair to be historic.

♦ ♦

Personalities.

Mrs. Booth, accompanied by Colonel Orr, left London for Stockholm on Tuesday last. Mrs. Booth will conduct the Annual Swedish Congress from July 7th to 11th.

The Foreign Secretary leaves for Holland next Monday evening to conduct the Annual Field Day at Nimbeur on the 13th. Important business matters will claim the Foreign Secretary's attention during the visit. Commissioner Booth-Fucker is giving a Thielicht and Cinematograph Lecture on India, at the Eccleston Hall, in London on Monday the 18th. Arrangements are also being made to give a special exhibition at Clapton for the benefit of the Cadets in training.

Commissioner McAlonan spent several days at I. H. Q. in connection with important matters concerning the War in Germany. He has now returned to Berlin.

Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Scott, of the U. K. A., have come to England on furlough. They have spent a little time at I. H. Q. during the week.

Lieutenant-Colonel Annie Osborne of South Africa is expected to arrive in England on the 23rd inst.



Sturge House, London.
The Newly-opened Home for Destitute Boys.

Home for Destitute Boys

A magnificent home for boys was recently opened by Mrs. Booth at 22 Bow road, London, England, marking a distinct and significant stage in the evolution of The Army's ever-widening social operations.

The pressing character of that need may be judged from the fact that during the past eight years no fewer than 2,500 destitute boys were dealt with in our various Social Institutions for Men.

Many of these boys were found to be absolutely adrift in the world—with either no home to go to, or none worth the name—and with the only prospect before them a life of crime; a condition in which they would be-

come a burden to themselves and to the State.

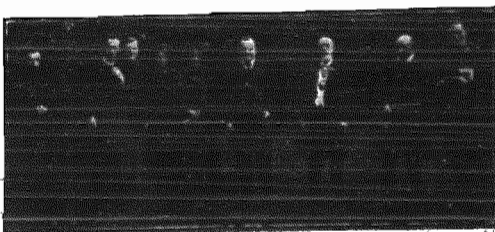
Responding to this imperative need, therefore, The Army has, at great expense, shouldered a new and heavy responsibility.

The opening ceremony, which was held in one of the largest rooms of the house, was presided over by the Hon. Harry Lawson, M.P. Accompanying the chairman were the Rev. Hugh B. Chapman (Chaplain of the Chapel Royal, Savoy), the Rev. H. J. Kitecat (Rector of Bow), the Mayor of Poplar (Councillor R. B. Brown), Alderman A. E. Thorp, and Councillors W. F. Bate, G. E. Lewsey, and A. V. Yeo, Commissioner and Mrs. Sturgess, Commissioner Rees, and Commissioner Cadman, Lieut-Colonel Jolliffe, and other Officers.

Social Work in Hamburg

The Social work that The Army is doing among men is highly valued in the progressive city of Hamburg. It will be remembered that Hamburg is one of the famous Hanse towns, and is with a few miles of territory round it, actually a small State within the German Empire. The Municipal Authorities have now agreed to give The Army a subsidy of 10,000 Marks per

annum for the next three years in aid of our Social Work. During the past triennium the amount donated has been exactly half that sum. Before proposing the increased vote, a searching investigation was made into the results of our work. The discussion in the Chamber brought out the fact that, while we have a few exacting critics, our friends are loyal and outspoken in their admiration of the



On the Lawn of Sturge House, Our New Home for Boys.
To the left of Mrs. Booth are her Chairman, the Hon. Harry Lawson, the Mayor of Poplar, and the Rev. Hugh B. Chapman. On Mrs. Booth's right, Commissioner and Mrs. Sturgess, and the Rev. H. J. Kitecat.

work we have been able to do. The Institutions to which reference has been made consists of a large and very finely equipped Home in the city, as well as a Farm some miles out.

♦ ♦

The King of Sweden.

The Salvationists of Lidköping are quite pleased with themselves on account of the very graceful manner in which their King signalled them out for notice upon a recent visit to their town. His Majesty stopped upon hearing the Salvationists cheer, and made kind enquiries from the Officer as to the progress of the work in the town.

♦ ♦

Staff-Captain and Mrs. Crispin.

Staff-Captain and Mrs. Crispin arrived at Seoul after 19 days' journey via Berlin, Moscow, the Trans-Siberian Railway, Nagasaki, and the Korean Railway, on the evening of June 10th. As the train drew in to the station at Seoul their ears were saluted with the welcome strains of a Salvation Army band. All the European Officers, the Korean Cadets in training, and a number of other Korean comrades, including the Juniors with Chinese lanterns were at the station to meet them.

A procession was formed, and the march through the streets of the city to the Training College would have done credit to many of the large London Corps. On arrival in the Training College Compound short speeches of welcome were made by representative Korean comrades, and the Staff-Captain and his wife were speedily made to feel quite at home.

♦ ♦

Medical Class.

The examinations connected with the Medical Class conducted by Maj. Dr. Turner and Dr. Jones at the Catherine Booth Hospital at Nagasaki have just concluded. Several native students, of whom some are Salvation Army Officers, have passed with honors in chemistry and pharmacy.

♦ ♦

Commissioning of Cadets.

Sixteen Cadets have just been commissioned in Tokyo at a meeting held in a large Public Hall. Major Beaumont, the Training Officer, handed them over to the Field with an appropriate speech, and Major Orr, the Field Secretary, gave them a warm welcome. Already 21 Cadets have been accepted for the new Session, and other applications are being considered.

♦ ♦

New Openings in Japan.

Two new openings are taking place in Japan. One is at Shidzuoka, a prosperous town with a population of 50,000. It is a great tea centre. Brigadier Yamamoto was invited to address a crowd of 2,700 apprentices at this place a few months ago. A hall has already been secured, and Captain Hashimoto (who recently passed through the Clapton Training College) has been appointed to take charge.

The other opening is at Omiya, with 20,000 population. This is the centre of Japan, the people being mostly employed at the Government Railway and Engineering Works, which are situated there. A building which was formerly used as a restaurant

has been secured, and will be converted into a hall. We already have several soldiers in the town, who are delighted at the prospect of a Corps being commenced, and who will form the nucleus of a fighting force.

* *

"Society and Humanity."

This is the title of a book of 750 pages just published in Japanese by Mr. Tomioka, one of the head officials in the Home Department of the Japanese Government. He refers rather extensively to the work of the Salvation Army, which he has had the opportunity of studying in England and in America. He considers The Salvation Army to be the greatest and most successful organization in the world for dealing with and helping the poor and unfortunate classes of society. He attributes The Army's success to the following reasons:

1. The existence of a great personality in the Founder, whose character he considers greatly resembles that of his Divine Master—the Founder of Christianity.
2. The aggressive spirit of The Army—ever marching on like the Japanese Soldiers in the last war with Russia.
3. The way The Army adapts itself to the circumstances of every country.
4. The Army's straightforward and practical way of preaching Salvation.
5. The principle of self-support. The Army's motto of helping men and women to help themselves.
6. The Army's scientific and business-like methods, as distinct from mere sentimentality.

* *

Transfer of Municipal Shelter in Buenos Aires.

As a result of several interviews Commissioner Cosandey has had with the Intendente (Lord Mayor) of Buenos Aires, a large Shelter, which has been run under the auspices of the Municipality, is now placed under our supervision. The idea is that all vagabonds, who disgrace the streets of Buenos Aires, should be given the option of either going to jail or being dealt with on Salvation Army lines at the Shelter. The Police Authorities have received definite orders to give us all possible help.

The T. C. has had a lengthy interview with the Chief of the Metropolitan Police, who has very large powers, and as a result, three Officers—Staff-Captain Hornand, Adjutants Jayet and Ailennand will receive a written power authorizing them to deal with any vagabond as they deem advisable, and the police will be expected to render such assistance as may be required. We are to receive from the Government and Municipality a large quantity of Waste Paper, Wood, etc., with which to provide labour for these men. The work we are undertaking will be paid entirely from the Municipal Funds.

* *

An Austrian Corps.

It will be remembered that Gahlonz, which is just over the border in the Austrian Empire, was opened by The Army some two and a half years ago. The story of how the work came to be established there is most touching. A young fellow from the city of Gahlonz took part in the South African War, where he was wounded, and by some means got into touch with Salvationists. The intercourse resulted

in his conversion. In his gratitude he made a vow to God that if he came back to his native town in safety he would do his utmost to get The Army to commence operations there. This he eventually did. He hired a Hall, made all arrangements for the opening, and looked forward eagerly for the pioneer Officers. However, within a few days of the date of the first meeting, he was taken ill, and passed away. The work, however, has gone on, and we have a nice little Corps, as well as a small Children's Home. Though our liberties are very restricted, it is something to have a foothold in the great Empire of Austria.

A DAY WITH A FIELD OFFICER.

(Continued from page 3.)

right," and who objects to everything and everybody but herself! It takes time to soften her. To get her under the spell of the Cross, but the Captain deems it amply worth the time to change a sour spirit into a sweet one. She melts at length, and confesses, "It was all my own fault; only I wouldn't say so. I wonder the good Lord ain't right out of patience with an old crab like me."

Next door to the "old crab" lives what the Captain calls "a hard case." She has never been able to get behind the bulwarks of cold indifference. To-day she is mangling, "Ever so busy, aren't you?" says the visitor. "See, I'll turn, and you put under."

The Captain's taking her heavy end of the work completely daunts the woman. She smiles, loses all her defensive spirit, and claims away quickly. To-day she is mangling a little to the Officer's words about her soul.

Several "cups of tea" are offered to the girl-Captain as she presses through her last hour, but she refuses every one; it is her custom to get all the time she can for preparation for the meeting.

No Need for Sweats.

"What matter if I have not a big Corps just now?" she says. "The few I get need some solid spiritual food every time they come, some real Bible truth. I was so encouraged one night last week; an old man was offered a sweet in the meeting, and he growled: 'Take it back, I'm getting fed. I want now to help it down.' The Bible can be made thoroughly interesting to our people if one will take a story, and not be afraid of describing it. I don't get the work at all infinitely better if I've got a good grip of the subject myself; I like to look them well in the eyes, and fire away without having to wonder what comes next."

"What is Truth?"

On the front form of the inside meeting to-night there sits a so-called Freethinker. He has been attracted to the Hall each evening since last Sunday's open-air meeting in Victoria Park. This incident gets the crowd well stirred. He queried the Captain, and forthwith she had a banner prepared to carry before the march, asking "What is Truth?" It was a bold venture, but she studied up her subject well, and opening with some sympathetic remarks to the sincere ones, she then queried the nature of Truth, expatiating upon "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free," and climaxing triumphantly with "I Am the Truth." Many new hearers joined the ring, amongst them this man who, though he knows it not, is seeking Christ, the Solver of the world's problem.

At 9.15 the Captain draws her meeting to a close, leaving the lieutenant to look up while she runs off to catch a backslider who has been a wonder-trophy of grace, who has been surrounded by circumstances come between himself and God. His fiancée dropped her profession of Christ; his home people persecuted him to every way; he gave in, and is now obdurate. "Hello, Captain, who'd ever think to see you after me at this time of night?"

"It is the only time I can catch you, Brother Jones, and I want a few minutes' talk."

"Now, look here, Captain, I ain't no use. I'm never going to try no more. They've led me a dance here over my religion, now they shall see I can hold them down. I'll show 'em!"

In spite of all he may say the Officer talks hopefully on; the man's chatter stops, his head droops.

"You do not want to disappoint your Lord, however hard it is."

That touches him. A crushed red head bows down to do duty for a pocket-handkerchief. Presently the sob escapes him, and, in obedience to the gentle pressure upon his arm, the man sinks to his knees, confesses his wrong to God, and asks for pardon.

This incident has considerably lengthened the usual day—you cannot get people broken down and converted in two or three minutes—but it sends the Captain to her well-earned rest a very happy woman.

LIEUT.-COLONEL SHARP AND MAJOR HAY

Tour New Ontario. An Interesting Report.

Lt. Col. Sharp and Major Hay left Orillia on July 6 for a week's tour through Ontario.

Huntsville.—Notwithstanding the fact that Capt. Horne made a slight error regarding the dates of our visit, as 100 grand social and reception balls arranged for the 7th instead of the 8th, it soon became noted abroad that the P. C. and D. O. were in the town. The Soldiers turned out well, and a splendid open-air was held.

Cobalt.—Here we found Ena Calvert with his overalls on "bossing" a big gang of carpenters who were earnestly working on the new hall, the old one having been moved to the rear to be used for A. Y. P. Hall. We had the use of the Presbyterian Church for the evening, at which the P. C. performed the marriage of Y. P. S. M. Willmot Crowd and Sis. Minnie Craig. A large crowd gathered to see this interesting event. At the close we went to the Y. P. Hall, where Mrs. Calvert had arranged a tea.

Cochrane.—Here we found a new town, 252 miles north of North Bay and the junction of the T. and N. O. and G. T. P. Railway. Already this place is one of great interest, there being many stores, banks, and business houses, which go to make up comfortable life. The Salvation Army is not behind. A splendid lot in a prominent place has been secured, and as soon as we can get suitable Officers we anticipate opening our work in this place.

At New Liskeard was the privilege of the P. C. and D. O. to meet Ena and Capt. Patterson, who were conversant in providing dinner was greatly appreciated.

Halleybury.—Here we were to spend Saturday and Sunday, opening our new Central. Our party was joined by Adj. Campbell, who rendered valuable service. Saturday night being warm, all efforts were devoted to the open-air. On Sunday at 10 a.m. a number came to hear Col. Sharp's address. Three souls came out for consecration. The 3 p.m. service was considerably affected by the much needed rain, but quite a number attended, and three more souls came forward. At eight o'clock we had a talk. The Colonel again launched out on a magnificent address, and three more souls knelt at the Mercy Seat. His Worship Mayor Young and his wife, Col. Sharp, Major Hay, and a number of friends were at the head of the table. Ena Calvert, who has been Col. Sharp's fiancée from New Liskeard were also present. A program was well rendered by the Officers. His Worship Mayor Young made some very complimentary remarks upon The Army and its work in the town of Halleybury. He was given to note that The Salvation Army was enlarging its Hall. He was in sympathy with The Salvation Army, and was prepared to help it, as he thought a great deal of good had been done by our preaching on the streets, and was "looking forward to The Army helping him in some plan he had for the increase of temperance in the future. Songs were rendered by Captain Brass, Mrs. Ena Calvert, and Capt.

Patterson. The T. C. was taken upon to make arrangements for our ball promises towards the end of the week. The people responded there, and notwithstanding the fact that we were collecting had previously been out, they contributed \$55.00, making a total of \$115 for the weekend.

Among the contributors was the Mayor, who contributed \$15, and Miss Johnny Wilson who gave \$10. The soldiers, who were the whole of the week, were taken to contribute towards the building. God bless Johnny, who was greatly touched by the little boy who gave him \$1.00, and the close of the night, when the crowd to the stable, where the building of brick stables was a large spacious hall, under which a basement for Y. P. with a dormitory adjoining, and is a most prominent place one block from the heart of the town. Mrs. Ena Calvert, L. Col. Edwards has done well in place, and are now under orders, being appointed to New Liskeard. The Captain deserves credit for her warfare there, which has been entirely in the open air.

North Bay is a promising Corps. General Banden has been recently here, being. Instruments have been sent, and there is great progress in the work. The work is improving slowly, and you can look out for good reports from North Bay.—Buskin.

PROMOTED TO GLORY.

(Continued from page 4.)

ways like to see the dead body where they make the dead body master Joseph Knight and others went to the funeral. He did not lose any time while on the journey. You may think it strange that they should be leaving seasons and choruses while on the way, but they are not. They look at the sorrowful side of the time, as they know that the ones are with Him Who said: "I will be with you to the end of the world." We ask the prayers of the comrades for the Salvation Army.

S. Blackman, etc.

As He Saw It.

The Mulroney family had been upon hard times, and at last they had decided upon leaving the old country and trying their fortune across the Atlantic. Packing was proceeding silently, when Patrick, the brother of a boy, the "finest fighter" and the "biggest eater" in all Donegal, entered.

"Father," he said, "sure 'tis me that's not comin' to America with ye. 'And why not?' said 'Mum.' 'Tis a great country, bawn! We do ye wish to desert us, Patrick, me boy?'"

There was a moment's silence before Pat spoke.

"I've been talkin' to Father O'Flinn," he said then.

"And what did he tell ye?"

"Sure he says that when it's twelve o'clock with us here, 'tis nine in the evening in America."

"Well!"

"Well, father, sure 'tis ye that knows I was always a heavy eater, and be this and be that, 'tis more than I could do to wait that long for me dinner."

Congratulations to Lieutenant Burge, Cooper, and Williams of Newfoundland, who have just been promoted to the rank of Captain.

You must be capable of suffering before you can be fit for the Spirit.

Before a soul can live and be God it must be cleansed from sin.

